

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Some people love dogs, others flowers; I am particularly fond of trees. I think if I could have a peculiarly big dog or large bed of flowers I could interest myself in them, but within the range of inexpensive fads I find trees the easiest to interest myself in. I can claim to have planted thousands of trees and I have seen them grow up, and nothing angers me more than to see one of these trees mutilated, or in fact to see any tree mutilated; I can echo the cry of "Woodman, spare the tree," and often indeed have I written asking mercy to be shown to the forests and forsooth to be exhibited in the planting of trees. In Toronto much tree planting has been done. Our streets are becoming avenues of foliage in the summer time and they are one of the beauties of Toronto. In Canada the small boy seems to be uninstructed as to the rights of trees and flowers and appears to be the natural enemy of adornment, but I have discovered two other more deadly enemies, the Telephone and Electric Light Companies. Without claiming to be extraordinarily sentimental I suffered with the big trees whose roots were being chopped to permit the pipes containing the wires to pass under them. Sometimes considerable care was being taken, but much depended on the gang who were doing the work; in other places the roots of the trees seemed to be mutilated as mercilessly as an Indian would chop up the legs of an enemy.

For ten years I watched the growth of some graceful elms which shade the corner on which I live. Two or three years ago I woke up one morning to find the branches of the tallest and most beautiful of the trees chopped off in order that telephone wires might pass unobstructed. Every man who has a dog knows how he hates to have him kicked or poisoned; every parent knows the anger resulting from having a child abused; I feel the rage of both, but it was too late to make complaint. The big elm and the smaller ones have been struggling against the insult of a few years ago and the wires are again being surrounded by foliage, though the larger elm can say, and it does say when it whispers in the wind, "The grace of other years will never come back to me." Fearing further mutilation I wrote to the manager of the Telephone Company and asked him to spare the trees, and suggested that it could be done for the present at least by putting in higher poles or changing the direction of the wires. I had a very courteous reply, saying that within a few months both the poles and wires will be taken down. Now I am suffering for fear it will be the roots which must bleed. If the City Council has any regard for our trees—and they are amongst the finest ornaments of Toronto—let them say where these wires are to be laid. There are thousands of citizens who have planted and watered trees, who have trimmed and cared for them, who have driven the destructive small boy out of their branches and prevented mischievous urchins from peeling them for "slippery elm bark," and they deserve protection.

I am not lacking in gratitude towards the manager of the Telephone Company, yet I am only one of thousands who are watching their trees. They are a part of the value of the lot; they help make the home; we see them when we look out of our windows in the morning; we hear the rustle of their leaves when we lie abed nights. I feel willing to take a shot-gun to anyone who destroys those trees. Are we to be discouraged in our affection for these beautifiers of the street? Are we to be rebuked for having spent affection on that which affords shade to all our fellow-citizens? Is it not one of the most generous impulses which we have, this caring for something of which we are not proprietors but in which we only share? If so, the city, the Telephone and Electric Light Companies and all those concerned should assist in preserving the trees. I would rather have the stone pavement torn up and pay for the trenches under it than have the roots of my well loved trees chopped off. Are we to be permitted to select the course of these pipes? I have between a hundred and fifty and two hundred feet of trees, lovely trees. Am I to have a chance, even by the payment of a reasonable sum, to preserve their branches and their roots from the axe? I know I speak for thousands of others. I hope the Commissioners of Parks and Gardens will interest himself and some provision be made for the protection of what we have loved and cared for so long.

The man who wantonly wounds or destroys a tree is not much less a vandal in my eyes than he who tears a leaf out of his bible to light his pipe. In my childhood I was taught that anyone who wilfully destroyed a leaf of the bible was in danger of eternal damnation, and that he who broke or disfigured a tree was in a very little better fix. Everywhere in scripture the tree seems to be the emblem of life and beauty. There was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the tree of life, and trees have shadowed prophets, poets and kings, and in the great world to come where the tree of life is "ever blooming" those who come up for judgment will, I imagine, sometimes be accused of destroying God's trees. Theirs are amongst the voices which speak to us. As "day unto day utters speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge" it is the boughs of the trees and the whisperings of their bending tops which give music and rhythm to the voices of day and night and to the shoutings of the storms. I have lain under trees when a

bare-footed boy and watched the fluttering of the leaves; I have camped under them in forests and by great streams; they have stood sentry by my little camp on the mountains and I have seen the sun rise and tip their tops with golden light, and I have seen the first breeze of the morning move them in their matins. I love the trees, and every dead tree on our street is a genuine grief not only to myself but to every other lover of these signs of home life and love of nature which are already beginning to distinguish Toronto from meaner cities. The city and the corporations under the control of the city should do something to protect and to foster the tree industry in Toronto.

A good deal of fun has been poked at J. Enoch Thompson, Vice-Consul of Spain, on account of his anxiety to bring the Spanish caravels to Toronto. Newspaper wit is sometimes a cheap sort of thing, and that variety of it which

anything; the way to get there is to do nothing. There is no danger of Vice-Consul Thompson capturing the public eye by having prevailed upon the Spanish caravels to stop in our port. He has lived here too long to imagine that to be the proper procedure to become solid. He should get in the City Council; call his *confères* pups and lars, as Mack remarked last week; vote every different way that is possible; make the taxes exorbitant and abuse his *confères* for having done it; make promises on the hustings next year that he will never do it again, and he will imbed himself as deep in the heart of the public as a clam in the bottom of Ashbridge's Bay.

The newspapers, though, should be a size larger than the aldermen. They are not, however. They would rather enjoy a cheap joke at somebody's expense than assist in a praiseworthy enterprise. The evening rag-pickers apparently want nothing but dirt and an

ought to drown itself in Ashbridge's Bay.

While disliking the task of speaking evil of those in my own craft, what are the Toronto papers doing to clean up this mob of wind-gulpers? What are they doing to stay the bray of the wild ass who is snuffing up the east wind in the City Hall? True, they are urging the Mayor to go on with the public works and in the same breath rebuking him for fobbing public documents and acting as if he were the entire government of the city. They are to blame for the condition of affairs, the dirty sectarianism and low partisanship, the petty jealousy and personal antagonism, no better example of which could be quoted than the jeers that Vice-Consul Thompson has had to suffer, though he did something for Toronto in bringing the caravels here. Mr. Thompson may not be a man who deserves wide popularity or permanent popularity, but every man deserves recognition,

our city a little more attractive no criticism would be offered.

The *Telegram* and *World* have had a nice joyous interview with one another, each showing the other to have engaged in disreputable, dirty and indefensible personalities. The court is no doubt willing to accept their apologies, but until they both apologize to the public they should have no reasonable hope of being thought anything but blackguards. It is to be hoped they have discouraged one another in blackguardism by beginning to threaten, as the *World* has done, a series of libel suits. What they think of one another is of no interest to the public. If they will now be kind enough to keep away from the dirt which has caused each of them trouble, it will be a relief to their readers. They have succeeded in exposing one another as defamers of character; it seems a good time for both of them to go out of the business.

Of all the silly things that have been said in favor of Sunday street cars, the choicest aggregation of weak rubbish was offered by Bro. W. H. Howland, who claimed that no vote should be taken in the summer time because all the preachers and teachers and faddists in the town were away on their holidays. One of the cleverest editorials I have ever seen in the *World* appeared on this subject, and pointed out that Bro. Howland appreciated the fact that the principal opponents of Sunday cars were those able to have a holiday and the principal supporters were men who had to stay in the city all the year round hustling for a living. It is very true that the pulpiters and ultra pious people are not those who need the cars; they can go to the seaside and escape the sultry summer not only on Sunday but on week days. Like his Don Improvement scheme and everything else that he has ever touched, not excluding the Central Bank Liquidation, Bro. Howland forgets everybody but himself and the little clique surrounding him, which he supposes to be the world. However, if we are to have an absolutely quiet Sunday, stop the milk wagons, stop the pedestrians, and by all means stop the private carriages. If our maid-servants and our man-servants, and the horse and the ass are to be stopped, see that nothing is hitched up and watch that Bro. Howland does not get out of his house.

The cases against the pool rooms failed. I am sorry for this, because I think the pool rooms are a crying evil. B. B. Osler's cross-examination of Inspector Archibald, however, was exceedingly funny. The lawyer wanted to know what the Inspector of morality had on his list under the heading of "legitimate amusement." Remembering the fulminations of Rev. J. McD. Kerr, he dared not mention a single diversion as not being unholy. Of course such an attitude must mean defeat in any sensible court. Mr. Osler suggested that crooning over the grave of a relative was the only diversion left for mankind under the Archibaldian theory, and really what else can we find as the residue after the Ministerial Association has had its round-up? I respectfully submit to them that next week they discuss the philosophical, social, mental and moral results of chewing gum. If we are to have all our habits catalogued as vicious or otherwise, there is no reason why chewing gum should not be looked after; it is a prevalent and unintellectual amusement. There is no reason why an immoral effect should not be found and tutti frutti put under the ban.

As to the pool rooms themselves, they are a bad lot, but evils of this sort cannot be cured by police espionage. If the laws are not sufficient, make new laws. We cannot obtain public chastity by the spy system. It is more demoralizing than the evil which is sought to be cured by it said. There are already enough element in our social, municipal and political system to produce sneaks, spies and informers; they are the vermin of humanity. Might not Inspector Archibald ruminate for a few hours on the result of sneakery and decide on some policy whereby the citizens of this country can pursue their reasonable inclinations—inclinations considered legitimate elsewhere—without becoming back-door dodgers and side-entrance sneaks! It must not be forgotten that a nation cannot afford to eradicate manliness and virility from its list of virtues. Everything which tends to produce hypocrites, sneaks, impostors, liars, perjurers, is without doubt a greater evil than any offensive institution.

The Grit convention was unexpectedly successful both in point of numbers and in the heartiness of those assembled. The hands of managing men suppressed the discordant elements and the personality of a really great leader gave tone to the concern. It would not surprise me to see Laurier win the next general election; not that the Grit party is possessed of any principle which will not be sacrificed, or, in fact, any principle which will have a controlling influence. The Conservative Government has shown itself weak in its personnel and its proceedings. D'Alton McCarthy is a disturber and his disturbance of the sort that is not unlikely to help win Ontario on behalf of Mr. Meredith. It seems a sort of a rash suggestion that the powerful Government in Ottawa may be overthrown by Mr. Laurier, and the still more powerful Government in Ontario may be captured by Mr. Meredith, yet in the history of the country we are ripe for some such change. Protestantism, though it is not Mr. Meredith's platform, will play a large part in the settlement of our next Provincial election. The



PORTRAIT OF A TORONTO LADY.

BY J. COLIN FORBES.

finds a victim in the man who is doing his duty is of an exceedingly cheap and nasty sort. If we are to judge by the jokes poked by some of the daily papers at Vice-Consul Thompson, the man best suited to fill an official or semi-official position in Toronto is one who will do nothing, try to do nothing, either for the profit or entertainment of the people. If their standard be accepted a Jay alderman who will vote against sectarian grants to hospitals one day and thereby become solid with the Protestants, vote in favor of them next day and thereby become solid with the Catholics, and then vote to refer the whole question to a committee next day and thereby relieve himself of responsibility, is the proper kind of a mohawk to wave his feathers in our streets. I only give this as a sample of how a man finds it necessary to popularize himself here. To be an absolute, complete and beautiful Jay is all that is necessary. A man who has anything that he would like to do for the good of the city should keep still. The aldermen suspect everybody who has anything to produce except a few gallons of wind; they feel that a man who does anything is liable to become popular. But they need not fret themselves: popularity is not reached in Toronto by doing anything or trying to do

excuse to abuse those who are endeavoring to do something. Why should they be so intensely amused over Mr. Thompson's attempt to bring the caravels to Toronto? Even if he had brought them here as a speculation it would have been a good scheme. If we can have one of the most attractive features of the Chicago Exhibition at our own harbor why not have it? Why should it not have been advertised? There is no reason except that our City Council is composed largely of a lot of dunghills; they are unfit to take charge of our affairs; their methods are easily summarized in the tax rate; their motives can be seen by the wayfaring man, even if he is a fool, if he reads their votes on every side of every question. There is no controlling principle in the gang. I do not deny that there are a few men there who have, or ought to have, some principles; there are a very few who show some attachment to principle, but they are as a rule a bouquet of swamp blossoms, an exhibit of Canada thistles, of mustard plants picked off a common enriched with old cans, broken wagons and the refuse of back yards. I was overjoyed while fishing last week to see Mack speak the truth of these pestilent fellows who have neither brains nor gizzards. If they are a sample of Toronto's best intelligence the city

support and admiration who does any solitary thing for Toronto. If a good thing be proposed for the city by any man, angel or devil, let him be praised; let his efforts meet with recognition; let the best be made out of it for the city. By this I do not suggest that Mr. Thompson has anything against him. He has fought high taxes, he is a large taxpayer and pays his debts, is socially generous and does more than the average man. We have no right to examine him at all, but if we examine him thus far we find that he has done more than some of the journalistic babies who are making a noise about him. I am not defending him personally, because it is none of my funeral, but I am much annoyed at the low tone of some of the ten-dollar-a-week newspaper things who imagine their task is to be funny, and these are they who make up the brass of some of the newspapers.

SATURDAY NIGHT has won no favor in newspaper circles by taking the attitude of denouncing the cheap John features of daily journalism. If the daily papers would show better taste by leaving out the names of men who by the accident of official position can do something for Toronto, or by reason of enterprise, personal popularity or energy can make

united Catholicism—French and Irish—is apt to play a large part in the next Dominion election. Tarte and Mercier are preparing the way in Quebec; McCarthy will do little to elect or defeat the Dominion Government in Ontario, but he will do much, unless he takes special pains to avoid it, towards strengthening Mr. Meredith, who is neither a bigot nor a flibbertigibbet, yet who has strenuously refused to modify the sentiments he expressed when last he appealed to the country. The same influences which tend towards a Grit administration in Ottawa indicate a Conservative re-action in Ontario. The Dominion Government traded off Mr. Meredith in half a score of cases. There will be no such trading next time, but the majority of the electors have a belief that while the Conservatives are in power in Ottawa it would be wise to have Grits in power in the provinces. If there be any feeling that the Grits are about to have power in the Dominion, there is no reason why the sentiment should not prevail that Conservatives should have something to say in the provinces. In this way both governments may be re-organized and possibly much good may result. "As far as I am concerned, I would rather see W. R. Meredith successful in Ontario than Sir John Thompson at Ottawa. This I say without prejudice, though I would like to see both of them successful. I do not believe that the Ottawa Government is either loyal or favorable to Mr. Meredith. If not, I am neither loyal nor favorable to them, and I am not alone in Ontario. Next year we are going to fight our fight on our own fighting-ground, where we will not fight to lose. If in Ontario Mr. Meredith's friends choose their battle-fields and their battle-cries and go in to win, they will win, and it seems to me that this is pretty near what they are going to do."

Fresh Air Fund:  
Previously acknowledged.....\$15 00  
R. S. W., Goderich.....1 00  
F. M.....4 00  
M. J. A.....1 00  
Bart (the fine paid by a practical joker).....5 00  
Total.....\$20 00  
DON.

#### Social and Personal.

Last Tuesday was a busy and interesting day for the society folk of Toronto. The visit of the Spanish caravels was the occasion of various interesting festivities, and the *elite*, who "all love Jack," gave the sailor officers a welcome which delighted and surprised them.

Commander Concas was outspoken in his approbation and gratitude, and made complimentary contrast between the conduct of the swarms of visitors to the Santa Maria in Toronto bay and the horde of people who invaded the curious vessel at Charlottetown and whose visit was marked by sundry shortages of honesty and courtesy. The antique groups of arms suffered severely, no less than seven of the weapons having been stolen on that occasion. Government House, with its gracious and popular master and mistress, was the scene of a pleasant luncheon party, after which the hosts and their guests crossed to the Santa Maria and thence to the Yacht Club lawn, where a lovely assembly of people awaited their coming.

They arrived about six o'clock at the Yacht Club House, accompanied by Chevalier, Mrs. and the Misses Thompson, the band of the Royal Grenadiers playing the Spanish and other national anthems. Commander Bessell received the visitors on the dock and escorted them to the Club House, where a dainty lunch was served.

The lovely evening, the interesting guests and the bright and merry crowd of gallant men and dainty women combined to form a pleasure long to be remembered by those who were present. In the evening, Chevalier and Mrs. Thompson gave a reception to the officers, at which a brilliant and representative assembly of social, artistic and literary circles was present.

The reception, drawing and dining rooms were thrown open, and speedily filled with the *elite* of the city. Mrs. Thompson received in a very elegant gown of black net lace, with a Spanish jacket of black velvet bordered with gold braid. The Misses Thompson and Miss Louise Brown of Montreal were in white, and carried bouquets tied with the Spanish colors, red and gold. Several of the guests also wore knots of ribbon in the same colors. Refreshments were served in a large marquee on the south lawn, in a most elegant and dainty profusion, and the grounds were lighted softly with pretty and manifold Chinese lanterns. About eleven o'clock, when the full moon shone out upon the fairy scene, it was as picturesque and charming as could be desired, and crowds of people gathered outside to enjoy the effect. The orchestra played on the broad south piazza, from which a flight of steps leads to the lawn. Some very rich and elegant gowns were worn: Mrs. Kirkpatrick's gown of white and gold brocade; Mrs. Warrington's costume of canary and black was much admired; Mrs. Henry Cawthra was sumptuously gowned in yellow brocade; Mrs. Nordheimer wore white and yellow; Mrs. Ferguson of Niagara was elegantly attired in white satin brocade; Mrs. Auguste Bolte looked charming in pale blue. Among the many present I noticed: Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Sir Donald Fitzroy Maclean, Capt. Victor M. Concas, Lieut. J. G. Sobral, Lieut. Pedro Vanquez, Lieut. L. R. Berdejo, his worship the Mayor, Chevalier Ganiell, Italian Consul, and Mrs. Ganiell, Mr. S. Nordheimer, German Consul, and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. A. Bolte, French Vice-Consul, and Mrs. Bolte, Lt.-Col. Shaw, Hawaiian Vice-Consul, and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. G. Musson, Vice-Consul of Brazil, Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder, United States Vice-Consul, Commodore and Mrs. Boswell, the Misses Ferguson, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Folingby, Miss Sidney, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Grantham, Mrs. I. T. Warrington of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Jones, Dr. Strange, Miss McShane of Montreal, Mrs. and the Misses Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Thompson, Rev. and Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alley, Mr. Alan Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. W. Lount, Q. C., Mr. and

Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mr. B. and Miss Cawthra, Miss Grace Cawthra, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Band, Dr. and Mrs. Aikens, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Laing, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Drayton, Mr. H. E. Caston, Rev. Dr. Whitelaw of Glasgow, Mr. T. L. Thompson, Mrs. Farrar and Miss Hornibrook, Miss Louise Brown of Montreal, Mr. H. Hart, Miss S. Tully, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. Arthur Grantham, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Dinstan, Capt. Heath, Signor Delasco, Mr. C. Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Chopitea, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bull, Rev. T. C. Mrs. and Miss DesBarres. Among those who accepted invitations but were prevented from attending were: His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Sir W. P. Howland, and Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. Capt. Concas and his officers returned to their vessels at one o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the Spanish Vice-Consul. On Wednesday morning they took carriages from Port Dalhousie to Niagara Falls and visited all the points of interest, Mr. Thompson acting as guide. They took the new Electric Railway from Clifton to Chippawa. This was a most enjoyable part of the trip, the Electric road giving a fine view of the falls, rapids, whirlpool, and all parts of the river. The next and only stopping-place of the caravels before reaching Chicago will be Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox left on Thursday for England.

Miss Helen Ley will spend the summer at Murray Bay.

Miss C. Hall of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Dineen of Center Island.

Mrs. Chas. and Miss Olive Likens of Marlborough avenue left last week for Ottawa, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Cornish, Cliff street.

Rev. Prof. Clark left this week for New York to take charge of Dr. Rainsford's church during July.

R. v. Mr. Renison leaves for Algoma in July.

Miss Lilli Kleiser, soprano, left town this week for a concert tour to the Pacific coast.

Dr. W. H. Pepler has returned to Toronto from Baltimore.

Dr. Courtney, bishop of Nova Scotia, preached in St. George's church last Sunday evening, and at Trinity Convocation service.

Dr. Garrett, bishop of Northern Texas, is on a visit to this city and is a guest of Mr. Wm. Liddell, Q. C.

Dr. J. B. Hall returned from Elgin, Ill., last week. He is better, but intends going to the seaside very soon.

Prof. Charles Gomfesty, one of the professors of San Francisco University, has been visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., is building a residence in Rosedale.

Toronto visitors that have registered at Chicago in the office of the Ontario Commissioner, Mr. N. A. Arey, M.P.P., during the past ten days are: Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Miss Walker, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Mr. A. B. Lee, Miss M. E. Lee, Mr. W. S. Lee, Mr. W. C. Crowther, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. F. J. Glackmeyer, Mr. C. D. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. H. C. Cox, Prof. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. F. X. Cousineau, Mr. B. Shea, Miss A. Rogers, Mr. N. B. L. Riordan, Mr. J. L. Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker, Mr. T. B. Maclean, Mrs. S. Gowans, Mr. Jas. Lobb, Misses McL. Howard, Dr. Chamberlain, Mr. Harry Piper, Mr. A. J. Read, D. D. Clark, Miss Agnes May Dow, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, F.C.A., D. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Cameron and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, and Mr. S. H. Fleming.

Broadway Tabernacle was the scene of a very pretty and interesting ceremony on Wednesday evening, June 21, which attracted a large number of young people of the West End, when Rev. John Philp united in the bonds of holy matrimony, Miss Lillie Siemien to J. C. McGuligan of Cedar Springs. Of course brides always look lovely, but this bride looked the very impersonation of dainty sweetness. She wore an exquisite gown of cream bengaline richly trimmed with Irish point lace, with a spray of orange blossom in her hair, and carried a bunch of white roses. The bride was attended by Miss Bertha Miles and Miss Nellie Gibson, who wore pretty pink gowns trimmed with cream lace, and carried bunches of pink roses. Mr. H. D. Smith was best man, and Mr. J. H. Bissell and Mr. Fred Skill acted as ushers. After the service was over Mrs. Siemien, mother of the bride, entertained her guests at 43 Robert street to a most *recherche* breakfast, and the beautiful display of presents was greatly admired. The young couple left at 11 o'clock p.m. for their future home in Cedar Springs, amidst a shower of rice and good wishes. The guests were: Mr. Jas. Beatty, Q. C., and Mrs. Beatty, Mr. S. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Siemien, Mrs. Alex. Siemien, Mr. and Mrs. T. Miles, Miss Bertha Miles, Mr. Fred Miles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. and Miss Gibson, Mr. H. D. Smith, Mr. T. Wardell, Mr. H. D. McKellar, Dr. F. E. Bowie, Mr. J. H. Bissell, Mr. Fred Skill, Mr. J. C. Craig, Mr. Coburn, Mr. F. Kennedy, Mr. A. M. Westwood, Master Fred Siemien, and Master Eddie Siemien. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Robert Siemien.

A very interesting event took place on Friday evening, June 23, in the exercises of the graduating class of Moulton College. Bloor street Baptist church was crowded with ladies and gentlemen interested in the work of the college and in the pupils individually. The graduating class was composed of: Misses Crane, Holmes, Sheridan and Wilkes of Toronto, Jeffrey of London, Edwards of Thuro, Quebec, Johnson of Batavia, N. Y., Van Zile of St. John, N. B., and Wolverton of Grimby. From the musical

course: Misses Johnson of Seaford, Lailey of Toronto, Porter of Brantford, Van Etten of Winnipeg and Wilson of New Westminster, B.C., were graduates. Misses Johnson, Sheridan, Jeffrey and Wilkes read essays, Misses Snart and Millichamp sang, and with two choruses these numbers composed a very attractive programme. The pastor of the church presented the diplomas, and Miss Smiley, the sweet-faced lady principal, occupied a chair on the platform. The graduates looked fresh and pretty in their simple white frocks. A male critic near me was very much pleased with the matter and delivery of Miss Sheridan's essay on The English Laurel. The fair essayist is a winsome little lady, and looked extremely bright and bonnie "with a rose in her hair," as the old song goes. Miss Wilkes is another fair and gentle girl, whose sketch of Deborah and Joan of Arc was a very interesting effort. The programme was not lengthy but was noticeably well rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray have been taking a look at the World's Fair.

Miss Louise Brown of Montreal, who has been the guest of Mrs. Lyman Jones for several days, has returned home.

Mrs. Arthur H. Murray will receive at her mother's residence, 45 St. George street, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Dyas of Pine Lodge, Center Island, celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of their marriage on Thursday evening of last week by giving an *At Home*. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Will G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, Mr. and Mrs. C. Liggin, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Sewell.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, the talented organist of the Carlton street Methodist church, one of Mr. A. S. Vogt's most promising pupils, was awarded the gold medal in a competition between students of the organ department of the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday last.

Among the arrivals on the Teutonic last week was Mrs. Alexander Cameron's charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ward, and children, who live in Paris. Lieut. Hugel of the Royal Engineers, Calcutta, who is on a year's leave, was also expected, but stayed in England to regain his health at the seaside. His many friends in Canada hope to give him a hearty welcome a few months later.

Mrs. P. D. Armstrong is at Preston Springs with her daughter, whose health has been delicate.

A very pretty wedding took place at an early hour on Monday morning at St. Mary's church, the contracting parties being Miss Kittie Maskell, daughter of the late Mr. W. S. Maskell of Chicago, and Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of this city. Rev. Father Grogan, assisted by Rev. Father Cruise, performed the ceremony. The bride was tastefully attired in a lawn traveling costume. She was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Maskell. The bride was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents. After the breakfast the bridal couple left for Buffalo and the East.

Convocation at Trinity on Tuesday afternoon was well attended, although there were many other attractions in different parts of the city at the same time. After the degrees had been conferred, interesting addresses were given by His Lordship Bishop Courtney of Nova Scotia, the Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. Mr. Pearson and others. After the proceedings were over in the college, dainty refreshments were served on the lawn to a large number of ladies, the professors, clergy and students. Among those present I noticed: The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Mrs. and Miss Courtney, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweetman, Chancellor and Mrs. Allen, Judge and Mrs. Oster, the Misses Oster, Mrs. Williamson, Miss E. H. Lingry, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Miss E. H. Lingry, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Patterson of St. Hilda's, and young ladies, Rev. Dr. Mockridge Miss Victoria and Miss B. Mason, Dean Rigby, Prof. Clark, the Rev. Provost and Mrs. Boddy, Mr. Atkinson, Miss Maynard, Rev. F. G. and Miss Plummer, Miss Z. Short, Prof. Edward and Mrs. Cayley, Rev. Canon and Miss Treymaine, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Playter, Rev. Mr. Broughall, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hedley, Mr. Dwyer and others.

The little bird said, "That a pretty Toronto girl has broken several hearts at Niagara. That Montreal might do without Miss Brown a little longer for the pleasure of her Toronto friends. That if you haven't a *pique* or dimity or holland skirt and jacket you'd better get one. That Mrs. and Miss Chopitea's fluent Spanish delighted the officers of the caravels. That it is not necessary to shout English in order that foreigners may understand it. That Colonel Pope was missed at the reception on Tuesday, he being at Yale to visit his son."

Miss Gilmour, Miss E. H. Lingry, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Patterson of St. Hilda's, and young ladies, Rev. Dr. Mockridge Miss Victoria and Miss B. Mason, Dean Rigby, Prof. Clark, the Rev. Provost and Mrs. Boddy, Mr. Atkinson, Miss Maynard, Rev. F. G. and Miss Plummer, Miss Z. Short, Prof. Edward and Mrs. Cayley, Rev. Canon and Miss Treymaine, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Playter, Rev. Mr. Broughall, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hedley, Mr. Dwyer and others.

On Wednesday, June 28, Mr. Charles W. Kerr, B.A., barrister of Messrs. Bain, Liddell and Kappel, was married at Hamilton to Miss Maude Stobbs, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Stobbs. They will visit Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay, and will be at home at 75 Prince Arthur avenue on and after October 2.

Dr. Robert Archibald MacArthur of 400 Bloor street west has just been appointed surgeon to the C. P. R. steamship, Empress of China.

Continued on Page Eleven.

mock, poses and develops a love for ice cream and moonlight.

Mr. D. A. McKellar, artist, of New York, spent a few days among his friends here last week and left for Panetanguishene, where he spends the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Armstrong have returned home from their wedding trip and will be at home to their friends on Thursday and Friday, July 6 and 7, at 194 Bloor street west.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilkinson and family, of Grange avenue, have gone to Muskoka for the summer.

Mrs. W. G. Wilson and daughter, of 29 Seaton street, have gone on a visit to Chicago.

Grace church, Elm street, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday evening last, it being the occasion of the marriage of Mr. A. W. Van de Carr of Woodstock to Miss B. A. Knowles of Toronto. The bridesmaids were Misses Ethel and Irene Knowles, sisters of the bride. Dr. A. McKay was groomsmen. Mr. H. A. Knowles, father of the bride, gave her away. The bride was tastefully arrayed in cream claret, trimmed with silk and pearls. The bridesmaids were both dressed in pink and white. Handsome bouquets of white and pink roses adorned the bridal party. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. J. P. Lewis, assisted by Rev. J. G. Lewis, the wedding reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, Church street. Mr. and Mrs. Van de Carr left on the eleven p.m. train, amid showers of rice and good wishes, for their future home in Buffalo. The bridal presents were very pretty and there were many of them.

Ahmed Rechid Bey of Beyrouth and Constantinople, Inspector general of agriculture for Syria under his imperial majesty the Sultan of Turkey, has been staying in Toronto during the past ten days, and is the guest of Sheriff Widdifield of St. George street. The Bey is a young man of marked ability, fine culture and progressive ideas. Though loyal to his sovereign, the Sultan, he is nevertheless a thorough democrat in principle. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Turkey, the title of Bey having been hereditary in it for several hundred years. His father is at the present time Prefect of Constantinople. Sheriff Widdifield visited the East last year and while in Syria made the acquaintance of Rechid Bey, to whom he was indebted for many courtesies. The sheriff has been showing his friend the public institutions and buildings of Toronto as well as the natural beauties of the city and its environs, and on Monday they together paid a visit to the Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph, where they were hospitably entertained by Dr. Mills, the president. The Bey was greatly interested in the institution, and thoroughly inspected its every department. He likes Canada very much and is particularly pleased with Toronto, which he says is the finest city he has seen since he came to America. He is on his way to Chicago to visit the World's Fair.

Chevalier Alonzo M. Viti, Italian Consul at Philadelphia, is in the city on a short visit.

Chevalier Gianelli entertained him and the Spanish Consul at lunch at the Albany Club on Thursday.

The Hon. Mary Cecilia Fairfax of Maryland is the guest of Miss Maude C. Chappell of Sherbourne street.

The Wednesday afternoon receptions at Government House are discontinued until October.

A strawberry festival and promenade concert in aid of Grace Hospital (Homeopathic) is on the *lapsis* for Tuesday evening, July 4, in the Granite Rink. The price of the tickets being but a trifle and the object such a worthy one, a large attendance is hoped for. The Queen's Own will discourse sweet music.

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Continued on Page Eleven.

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

### FOR SUMMER WEAR

Silk and Linen Gloves our specialty.

Chamois Gloves in 4 button and Mosquetaire.

4 button Dressed and Undressed Kid Gloves,

July 1, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Out of Town.

Stratford.

Although, generally, trade is quite flat around here, yet business men who have specialties, such as issuing marriage licenses, have been hustling to keep up with the demand. Among the principal events of the kind were: McCutcheon-Lupton. On June 21, by Rev. J. W. Holmes, at the residence of her father, Mr. William Lupton, Dufferin street, Miss Louise to Mr. Simeon McCutcheon. The bride was attired in pale blue silk *en train* and carried white roses. She was supported by Miss A. Dugman, who wore fawn Henrietta and pink roses. Mr. McCutcheon was engineered through by Mr. A. Tilly of Trinity Methodist choir, Toronto. Miss Lupton was an active member of the Central Methodist church and prominent in its Epworth League, a teacher in the Sunday school and member of the church choir. Mr. McCutcheon was, up to this spring, employed as clerk in the G.T.R. offices here, but is now in a similar position in Toronto. Prior to his removal from this city he was the able and energetic captain of the Stratford Lacrosse Club.

Hay-Marshall.—On June 20, at Glenavon, the residence of Mr. W. R. Marshall of this city, by the Rev. J. P. Gerrie, assisted by Mr. Mason of McGill University, Montreal, Miss Althea Marshall was made one with Mr. R. Russel Hay of Listowel, son of Mr. D. D. Hay, Registrar of the north riding of Perth. The marriage and wedding dinner took place on the lawn, after which the happy couple left for their home in Listowel, from where they will soon take a trip via Owen Sound to Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Hay were supported respectively by Mr. Warren Hay and Miss G. Marshall. The wedding march was played by Mrs. F. Scarff.

Kay-Dickson.—Mr. A. M. Kay, assistant postmaster, has been absent from the city long enough to create suspicion, which led to investigation, when it was discovered that he was taking to himself a partner in the person of Miss Dickson, daughter of the postmaster of Goderich. Such is Mr. Kay's popularity that there are probably not five people in Stratford who do not wish him every happiness.

Neill—Young.—Mr. R. R. Neill of the G.T.R. Mechanical Department has been married to Miss Young of Toronto. Before his departure for Toronto his fellow members of St. James' church choir presented him with a very handsome china set. Mr. Clarence Young made the presentation and Messrs. Wade and Aherns and Mrs. K. Smith made speeches, after which those present repaired to the handsome residence of Mrs. Smith, where an enjoyable supper was served.

Rev. D. Williams of St. James' church attended the Huron Synod at London last week. Rev. P. Wright and son, of Portage la Prairie, and formerly of this city, are visiting friends here.

Rev. P. McF. McLeod, formerly of Stratford, is visiting here and preached in Knox church a week ago.

Rev. E. W. Pantor has been absent at the General Assembly meeting at Brantford.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Holmes, who is leaving the city for Clinton, met at his residence, Huron street, on the evening of June 20 and presented him with an address and purse, and Mrs. Holmes with a handsome clock.

The Oddfellows will hold their annual decoration day on July first. — QUILLDRIVER.

## Belleville and Massasauga Park

Mr. W. B. Northrup, M.P., and his charming wife gave a most pleasant pedro party on Thursday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. Northrup's sister, Miss Stella Proctor of Brighton. Miss Proctor is a lovely girl, and during her stay here has made hosts of friends. The residence was prettily decorated with banks of flowers, while the large and beautiful grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and afforded the guests a cool and pleasant retreat for a *lete-a-lete*. The first prizes were won by Colonel and Mrs. Lazier, a handsome inlaid tobacco jar for the gentleman and a dainty jewel case for the lady. Among the guests were: Colonel and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Mrs. Litch, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. Corby, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Warrington, Mrs. Fred Warrington of Montreal, Miss May Warrington of England, Miss M. McShane of Montreal, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Miss Starling, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lazier, and Messrs. Doumouli, Laidlaw, Hope and Mayor Wallbridge. Mrs. Northrup wore an elegant blue and white silk; Miss Proctor wore a dainty gown of cream silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Farley was charming in a pink frock; Mrs. Hamilton, black silk; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier wore a lovely gown of white and mauve, as did also Miss Annie Wallbridge; Mrs. Litch, black silk with pink bodice; Mrs. Caldwell was becomingly attired in an elegant yellow silk gown; Mrs. John Warrington looked lovely in white silk; Mrs. Fred Warrington was clad in simple but graceful black silk; Miss McShane was very girlish in green chiffon with moss green velvet trimmings; Miss Warrington wore a handsome gown of white silk and white lace; Mrs. Grant was charming in her bridal dress of ivory white satin; Mrs. Corby was stately in black silk, while Mrs. Phillips looked lovely in an exquisite gown of pink silk with trimmings of rare old lace and gold passementerie.

Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips gave another *At Home* on Monday of last week. It is needless to say anything in regard to her beautiful home and entertainments, for all know Mrs. Phillips is a lavish entertainer and does everything on a magnificent scale. On Monday evening dancing, whilst and pedro formed the pleasures of the evening. The invited guests were: Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mrs. Litch, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup, Mrs. Lord of Ottawa, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Miss Warrington of England, Miss McShane of Montreal, Mrs. Caldwell of Winnipeg, Mrs. Casey, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Miss Biggar, Miss Wrappo, Mrs. John Warrington, Mrs. Fred Warrington of Montreal, Miss Simon, Miss Hungerford, and Messrs. Denyes, Hope, Stewart, Doumouli, Dapuis, Wallbridge of Toronto, Frank Wallbridge, Harry Biggar, Morden, Gillen, Stephen Lazier, and Laidlaw. The charming hostess wore a pretty white silk gown trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Warrington

ton was superb in yellow silk with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Fred Warrington, pretty black and white silk; Miss McShane was very daintily clad in white silk; Miss Warrington, white lace; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier, a rich costume of red and gray shot silk; Mrs. Caldwell, a magnificent gown of black grenadine embroidered in silver with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Northrup, an elegant gown of rose silk and white lace; Mrs. Lord, black silk and jet; Miss Proctor, white silk; Mrs. Casey, one of our handsome matrons, black lace and jet; Miss Biggar, white silk and lace; Miss Annie Wallbridge, white India silk; Miss Wrappo looked sweet in cream silk with pink ribbons.

Mrs. Geo. Walker gave a pleasant dancing party on Friday of last week in honor of Miss Warrington and Miss McShane. The gracious hostess was assisted by her daughter, Miss Mabel. Those present were: Misses Wrappo, Carre, Carman, Clarke, Stinson, Warrington, McShane, and Messrs. Dupuis, Stewart, Grange, Cutler, Lazier, Armstrong, Moore and Laidlaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby gave their friends two pleasant outings on their steam yacht *Omata*, on Monday and Thursday evenings of last week. A most enjoyable time was spent by the guests, as is always the rule at Mrs. Corby's entertainments. The party left the dock at half-past four, sailed up the bay for several miles and then made for Massasauga Park, where an excellent supper awaited them. After enjoying the beauties of the park, the party boarded the yacht and steamed down the bay to Northport before returning to the city. The invited guests on Monday's outing were: Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. Clute, Mr. and Mrs. Pole, Miss Corby, Mrs. E. McMahon, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Wallbridge of Toronto, Misses Besse, Helen and Lillie Kelso, Mr. H. Thompson, and Mr. Lucemoor. At Thursday's party were: Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. John Warrington, Mrs. Fred Warrington, Miss Warrington of England, Miss McShane of Montreal, Mrs. Lord of Ottawa, Miss Proctor of Brighton, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Thompson, Mrs. George of St. Paul, Miss Starling, and Messrs. Laidlaw, Stephen, Lazier, and Starling.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Biggar returned from their wedding tour on June 21. Mrs. Biggar will be at home at her residence on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 3, 4, and 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar are in Chicago.

Before this edition of SATURDAY NIGHT reaches its many readers, Belleville will have lost one of its sweetest girls, Miss Edith Terrell, who, on Wednesday morning, June 28, in St. John's church, at half-past ten, will wed Dr. Foster of the Hamilton Insane Asylum. On the same day and at the same hour Miss Stella Taylor will become Mrs. Waters, but in this case we have not cause for regret, for Miss Taylor, after her wedding tour, will return to Belleville, after her wedding tour, will return to Belleville.

The many friends of Miss Clare Wallbridge will regret to hear of her serious illness.

Mrs. George Redick of Chatham and Mrs. Lafferty of Stirling are the guests of their brother, Mr. Thomas Downs of Forin street.

June 26. — BETSEY.

Lislowell.

The May Pole entertainment in the Rink, on Friday evening, June 16, was very successful. The rink was brilliantly decorated, the lads and lasses taking part in the dancing and marching all looked charming, and the handsome costumes and bright colors gave a very picturesque effect. Miss Lorne Campbell, one of Listowel's favorite singers, took the part of the Queen, and in the course of the evening sang two very acceptable solos.

Mr. J. W. Scott was in attendance at the Liberal convention at Ottawa last week.

Miss Lucas of Markdale, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. E. Parke, returned home last week.

Miss Bowman is visiting in Toronto.

On June 20, at Glen Afton, Stratford, Mr. R. Hay, one of Listowel's successful young men, was married to one of Stratford's young ladies, Miss Althea, daughter of Mr. Walter Marshall of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Hay will reside in Listowel, and have our best wishes for their happiness and success.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hay and Miss Gray Hay have returned to town after spending a couple of weeks enjoying the World's Fair.

Mr. George Campbell, son of Mr. D. D. Campbell, was in town over Sunday.

On Monday, June 19, our gallant body of volunteers, No. 5 company of the 28th Battalion, went into camp at London, Captain Morphy in command and Surgeon Parks on board.

Lawn Tennis is very popular here this season, and we have some good players.

Chesley.

Mrs. Joseph Lawson was at home to a number of her friends on Friday evening of last week, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

Mrs. Lawson was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Carrie Ritchie. Among those present I noticed the following: Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. D. Halliday, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Adolph, Mrs. Cooke and Mrs. Bell. After a charming tea the guests participated in various amusements, including songs and recitations.

Miss Masters and Mrs. (Dr.) Landerkin of Hanover were the guests of Mrs. D. M. Halliday for a few days recently.

On Friday evening of last week Miss Ella Biette entertained a number of her young friends. Dancing formed the chief amusement of the evening. Miss Biette was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Nellie McDonald, who looked charming, attired in cream delaine with rose silk trimmings; Miss McNaughton also looked well in pink upon with silk facings; Miss Adams wore a heliotrope and cream gown with bracelets of lace, and shoulder bouquet of cream roses; Miss Clara Halliday wore fawn and looked well; Miss Clara Halliday was a lovely picture in pure white; Miss Cooke wore a pretty dress of pale blue silk with trimmings of pearl passementerie. Among the young men present were: Mr. Stinson, Mr. Asbury, Mr. Downing, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Carter, Mr. Davis, Dr. Crowe, Dr. Scott, Mr. Ramage, Mr. Julian, and Mr. Miskie.

Mr. F. Asbury of the Dominion Bank, Brampton, is spending his vacation with his father, Rev. Mr. Asbury of Trinity church.

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# THE TIGER LILY

## THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

By G. MANVILLE FENN

Author of "Black Blood," "The Parson o' Dumford," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "A Mint of Money," &amp;c., &amp;c.

(COPYRIGHT.)

## CHAPTER XV.

Dale's hands trembled, and there were feverish marks in his cheeks as he dressed next morning, and then walked into his sitting-room and rang.

The breakfast things were laid, and in a few minutes Keren-Happuch came through the studio with his coffee and toast, and an hour later without daring to speak to him she bore the almost untouched breakfast away.

As soon as he had dressed, he made an effort to master himself, and walked firmly into the studio, drew forward his easel, and after removing the curtain stood there to study his work and criticize and mark its failings.

He found none to mark, but stood there waiting for it his living, breathing model, knowing well enough that he must check the madness attacking him—at once, in its incipient stage.

"I'm as weak a fool as other men," he muttered. "Bah! I can easily disillusionize myself. I'll insist upon her removing her veil to-day. It is that and the foolish wish to see her face that has set me. I begin in a weak, nervous state. Once I've finished and had the work framed, I really will give up painting for a few weeks at rest."

That same evening lay passed, but no model came, and as soon as it was dark he went out, but not until the last post had come in that was likely to bring him a letter of excuse from his sister.

He went straight to the house where Jaggs lodged, to learn that he was away from home. The people of the house thought that he had gone down somewhere in the country to sit for an artist who was doing a seen picture, but they were not sure whether it was Surrey or Cornwall.

Somewhere Leather Lane way, Jaggs had told him that the father lived. Perhaps he was ill, and his child was his only comfort. But how could he go about taking at random in that neighborhood about the missing model?

But he did, seeking out first one and then another handsome, picturesque vagabond belonging to the artistic Italian colony, and questioning them, but without avail. They had never heard the name.

He tried a lodging-house or two upon whose steps Italian women were seated, dark-eyed, black-haired, and with showy glass bead necklaces about their throats. But no, those who could understand him neither knew the name, nor had they heard of a Sardinian patriot who had daughter who went out to sit.

Dale returned to his rooms to pass another sleepless night, but hoping that the next morning would bring end to his anxiety, fear, or trouble, whichever it was, for he was savagely restrained from confessing to himself that he grasped what his trouble might be.

But the morning came, and seven more mornings, to find him seated before his unfinished picture, practicing a kind of self-deceit, and telling himself that he was feverish, haggard, and mentally careworn on account of his dread of not being able to finish his picture as satisfactorily as he could wish.

He had tried hard during the interval, but in spite of all his efforts he had been able to get tidings of neither Jaggs nor the model the man had introduced, while to make his state the more worse, Pacey had not been near him, and for some unaccountable reason Leronde, too, had stayed away.

He was seated, wild-eyed and despairing one morning, when Keren-Happuch came running in, breathless with her exertions to reach the studio, and bear the news which she felt would be like life to the young artist.

"Here she is, sir," panted the girl, "she's come at last;" and then ran down to open the front door.

Dale staggered and turned giddy, but listened with eyes fixed upon the door, hardly daring to believe till he saw it open, and the dark, closely veiled figure enter quickly.

Then there was a re-action, and he asked himself why he had suffered like this. What was the poorly dressed woman who had just entered to him?

His lips parted but he did not speak, only waited.

"Am I too late?" she said in her strongly accented French. "Some other? The picture finished?"

"No," he said coldly; and he wondered at her collected manner as he caught the glint of a pair of searching eyes. "I have waited for you. Why have you been so long?"

"I have been ill," she said simply, and her tones suggested suffering.

"Ill?" he cried excitedly; and he took a step towards her with extended hand. "I am very sorry."

"Thank you," she said quietly, and ignoring the extended hand. "I am once more well, and I must be quick. Shall I stay one more hour every day and you pay me more? Oh no. For the same."

"Yes, pray do," he said huskily, and he thrust his hand into his pocket to pay her in advance according to his custom, but she ignored the money as she had previously passed his hand without notice, and after pointing to the door she hurried through his room, to return in a wonderfully short space of time and take her place upon the dais.

Dale began to paint eagerly, feverishly, so as to lose himself in his work, but in a few moments he saw the eyes of the woman, those which seemed to be watching him suspiciously through the thick veil, as if ready to take alarm at the slightest word or gesture on his part, and at once the power to continue his work was gone. He felt that he must speak, and in a deep husky voice he began:

"You have been very ill, then?"

"Yes, monsieur," curiously and distinctly.

"I wondered very much at not seeing you. I was alarmed."

"I do not see why monsieur should feel alarm."

"Of course, on account of my picture," he said awkwardly; and laying down his palette and brushes he saw that the model gave a sudden start, but once more stood motionless as he took out his pocket-book and withdrew the pencil.

"Will you give me your address?"

"Why should monsieur wish for my address?"

"To communicate with you. If I had known I should have been spared much anxiety. Tell me, and I will write it down."

"With that of the women who wait monsieur's orders? No!"

This was spoken so impudently that Dale replaced the pencil and book, and took up palette and brushes.

"As you will," he said, as he began once more to paint.

But the power to convey all he wished to the canvas had gone, and he turned to her again.

"Tell me more about yourself," he said. "You are a foreigner and friendless here in England. I know that, but tell me more. I may be of service to you."

"Monsieur is being of service to me. He pays me for occupying this degrading position to which I am driven."

There was so much angry bitterness in her tones that Dale was again silent, but his pulse beat wildly, and although he applied his brush to his canvas from time to time, there were only results that he would have to wipe away.

"I am sorry you consider the task degrading," he said at last. "I have endeavored to make it as little irksome as I could."

once more the curves and contour of the form he had transferred to canvas, and passed on to the door, where she stopped and waited for him according to his custom to turn the key.

Her mute action and gesture dragged him to the door as if he were completely under her influence; and throwing it open he once more said pleadingly and in a low, deep voice which trembled from the emotion by which he was overcome:

"Forgive me; I was half mad."

But still Dale did not move. He stood as if bound by the spell of which he had spoken, till all at once he uttered a faint cry, snatched his hat and followed out into the street.

Too late. There was no sign of the black cloaked figure, and after hunting in different directions for several minutes he returned to his studio utterly crushed.

"Gone he muttered, as he threw himself into a chair. "I shall never see her more. Great heavens! Do I love this woman? Am I a vile?"

"Please sir, may I come in?"

Dale started up and tried to look composed as little Keren-Happuch entered with a note in her hand.

"One o' them scented ones, sir," said the girl. "It was in the letter box. I found it an hour ago, but I did not like to bring it in."

As soon as he was alone, his eyes fell upon the Contessa's well known hand, and without opening the letter, he gazed at it and recalled the past.

At last his lips parted and he said thoughtfully:

"Loved me with an unholy love. It is retribution. She must have felt as I do now."

## CHAPTER XVI.

JOE PACEY AT HOME.

Pacey sat back in a shabby old chair in a shabby room. The surroundings were poor and yet rich—the former applying to the furniture, the latter to the many clever little gems presented to him by his artist friends, of whom were still poor as he, others high up on the steps leading to the temple of fame.

Joseph Pacey's hair needed cutting, and his beard looked tangled and wild; and as he sat back in his slippers, he looked the very opposite of his *vis à vis*, the exquisitely neat, waxed-mustached, closely clipped young Frenchman who assisted briskly in the formation of the cloud of smoke which floated overhead by making and consuming cigarettes, what time the tenant of the shabby room nursed a huge meerschaum pipe which he kept in a glow and replenished as he would from the top from time to time.

"Humph!" he ejaculated, frowning. "And so you think he has got the feminine fever badly!"

"But you do put it funny, my friend," said Thorpe earnestly.

"Rest for a while."

"I not tired now," she replied coldly, "if monsieur will continue."

"I cannot paint to-day," he said hoarsely.

"You trouble me. What I have done is valueless."

"I trouble monsieur!" she said coldly. "Am I not patient—I can be more still!"

He made a mighty effort over self, and for the moment conquered. Seizing his brushes and palette he began to paint one more picture in a reckless way, as if merely to keep himself occupied, but as he turned his back from his canvas from time to time to study the beautiful model, standing there in that imperious attitude, strange, mysterious and weird, with the black enmasking above the graceful, voluptuous figure, he lost more and more the self-command he had maintained.

For a few minutes he told himself that he was mistaken, that her eyes must be closed; but it was he knew too well a mere mental subterfuge; they were gleaming through that black network and piercing him to the very soul.

He could bear it no longer, and again throwing down brushes and palette he paced the room for a minute or two before turning to the marble figure standing so motionless before him.

"I tell you I cannot paint," he cried angrily.

"It is as if you were casting some spell over me. I must see your face. Why do you persist in this fancy? Your masked face takes off my attention. I beg—I insist—remove that veil."

"I do not quite understand, monsieur," she said coldly. "He spoke in a language that is not mine, neither is it his. He confuses me; I am trying to be a patient model, but everything is wrong to-day. Will he tell me what should do to give him satisfaction?"

"Take off that veil," cried Dale.

The model caught upon the cloak and flung it around her shoulders.

"Now, quick!" cried Dale excitedly, "that veil off."

"Monsieur is ill. Shall I call for help?"

"No, no, I am not ill. Once more I beg, I pray of you—take off that veil."

"But monsieur is so strange—so unlike himself," she cried, as taking another step forward.

Dale caught the hand which held the cloak in his.

"Now," he cried wildly, with his eyes flashing, and trying to pierce the woolen mask—"that veil."

For a moment the warm soft hand clung to his convulsively, and the other rose with the arm in a graceful movement towards her shrouded face; but as if angry with herself for being about to yield to his mad importunity, she snatched away the hand he held and turned with a start with a wild look in her eyes.

"It is infamous!" she cried with her eyes flashing through the thick veil. "It is an insult, Monsieur, it is to the woman you love that you should speak like that;" and with an imperious gesture she stepped down from the dais as if it had been her throne, and with her face turned toward Dale she walked with calm dignity, her head thrown back and the folds of the cloak gathered round her, to the inner door, passed through, and for the first time, as it was closed he heard the lock give a sharp snap as it was shot into the socket.

Dale stood motionless in the middle of the studio, his eyes bloodshot and his pulse throbbing heavily, as he waited for some little time either to think or move.

"Yes, I see," he said, as he grew calmer; "it was an insult, and she revenges herself upon me. An hour ago I was to her a chivalrous man in whose honor she could have faith. Now I am degraded in her eyes to the level of the brute, and—she trusts me no longer. Do I love this woman whose face I have never seen, or am I going mad?"

But he was alone now, and he grew more calm as the minutes glided by; and once more making a tremendous effort to command himself he waited patiently as he could for the opening of the door.

In a few minutes there was the sharp snap again of the lock being turned, the door was open, and the tall, dark figure swept out into the artist's studio with head erect and indignant mien.

She had to pass close by him to reach the farther door, but she looked straight before her, completely ignoring his presence till in excited tones he said:

"One moment—pray stop."

She had passed him, but she arrested her steps and half turned her head as a queen might to listen to some suppliant who was about to offer his petition.

"Forgive me," he panted. "I was not myself. You will forget all this! Do not let my madness drive you away."

He was standing with his hands extended as if to seize her again, but she gathered her cloak tightly round her, so that he could see

schoolfellow—the man who was betrothed to my sister—has in some way gone wrong."

Pacey bowed his head.

"Cornel, dear, you hear this? It is sufficient.

We do not wish to pry into Armstrong Dale's affairs. We know enough. Now are you satisfied?"

"No. Mr. Pacey, your words have formed a bond between us greater than existed before.

I have heard of you so often from Armstrong.

I consider you as a friend and in obedience to your orders, I said you then knew nothing

but to speak to me plainly. Please remember that I am an American girl. I think we are different from your ladies here. Not bold, but frank, plain-spoken, honest and true.

We feel a shame as keenly as the proudest of your patrician maidens, but we crush down

feast shame, and that is why I come to you instead of writing to and making appeals to the man whom I know from childhood—the man who was betrothed to me, and who loved me dearly as I love him, only so short a time ago.

There, you see how simply and plainly I speak, the more so that I know you have Armstrong's welfare at heart.

"God knows I have," said Pacey fervently.

"I have told you as plain as I can."

"Cornel?"

"I will speak, Michael," she said gently.

"His happiness and mine depend upon my knowing the truth, Mr. Pacey, I am waiting."

Pacey gazed at her with a face full of reverence for the woman before whom he stood, but no words left his lips.

"You are silent," she said calmly. "You fear to tell me the truth. He is not ill; you said so. He cannot be in want of money. Then it is as I gathered from your letter; he has been led into some terrible temptation."

Pacey bowed his head gravely.

"Now are you satisfied?" said Thorpe earnestly.

"I knew that it was so."

"And I love you as fondly to the hope that it was so," said Cornel, gazing straight before her, and as if she were thinking aloud. Then, turning to Pacey, "He was becoming famous, was he not?"

"Yes."

"Succeeding wonderfully with his art?"

"Grandly."

"And now this has all come like a cloud," sighed Cornel dreamily. Then again to Pacey, in spite of her brother's frown, "Is she very beautiful?"

Pacey paused for a moment and then said sadly:

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himself to speak brutally, to hide the shame  
and fear he felt.

"Yes," he said, "it is all true." She winced as if he had struck her, and there was silence for a few moments before she spoke again, and then in a curiously changed voice, as in her agony of heart.

"No, no," she whispered at last; "it cannot be true. It is a strange dream. I cannot—I will not believe it."

He strove again and again to speak, but no words would come. He tried to speak gently and ask her to forgive him, but in vain, and at last, even more brutally than before, he cried: "I tell you it is true. If you knew all this how could you call it a dream?"

Then a pause before she spoke again, and then Cornel drew herself up with an impudent gesture and her words came firmly and full of defiance of the world.

"I came because I heard the man I loved was beaten down and wounded in the fight of life, and I said, 'What is it to me—he loved me very dearly, and if he had been met by temptation and had nearly fallen, my place is there. I will go to him and remind him of the past and point out again the forward way.' Armstrong, that is why I have come."

He groaned, and his voice was softened now and half choked by the agony and despair at his heart.

"Go back," he said, "and forget me. Cornel, I am not the man you thought. I left you strong in my belief in self, ready for the fight, but your knight of truth and honor has turned out to be only a sorry pawn. I don't ask you to forgive me; I only say for your own sake go and forget that such a villain ever lived."

"Then it is all true?" she said sternly.

"I don't know what Joe Pacey has said," he cried bitterly, as he gazed in the sweet womanly face before him, "but I make the only reparation that I can. I speak frankly, Cornel, dear, and tell you that the worst he could say of me would not exceed the truth. Utterly unworthy—utterly base—I am not fit to touch your hand."

As he spoke now in his excitement he took a step toward her and she shrank away.

"No," he cried bitterly, "you are right. Shrink from me now."

"No," she said, after another pause, "I will not shrink from you. I will not upbraid; I will only say to you, tear those scales from your eyes and see, as Armstrong Dale, my old play-fellow—brother—lover—used to see. Break from the entanglement like the man you always were and be yourself again."

"No," he groaned, "I am no longer master of myself. For God's sake, go!"

"And leave you to this—caught in these toils, to struggle for a time, and for what?—a life of misery and repentance! It is not true; you are too strong for this. Armstrong, for your own sake—for all at home—one brave effort. Pluck her from your heart and go."

He looked at her wildly for a few moments, and then shook his head.

"Impossible," he groaned. "It is too late."

"No," she cried excitedly; "even on the edge there is time to drag you away. Armstrong—I cannot bear it—some with me, dearest. You loved me once; you made me love you and think of you as all the world to me. This woman, she cannot love you as I do, dear. For I do love you with all my poor heart. Do not quite break it, dear, for I forgive you everything, only come back with me now. Do you not hear me? I forgive you everything, and you will come."

She staggered toward him with her arms open to clasp him to her breast, but he shrank away with a groan of despair.

"No," he said, "it is too late—too late."

She had a piteous sight and her hands fell to sides. Then with her head bent she walked slowly to the door, passed out and heard her steps descending. A few moments later there were voices in the hall, followed by the heavy closing of the door, which seemed to shut him for ever from all that was good and true, alone with his despair as he turned to his canvas where he gazed upon the form he had created, apparently the only memory of a mad passion which seemed to have crushed him to the earth.

(To be Continued.)

#### Canadian Pluck.

A Successful Canadian Business Extended to England

Although but a Short Time in that Country the Press Pronounces the Success Phenomenal.

We have much pleasure in reproducing the following article from the *Montreal Witness*, relative to the success in Great Britain of a well known Canadian firm. We have done business with the firm in question for a number of years and can heartily endorse what the *Witness* says concerning their honorable business methods. The following extract from the public notice of the articles appearing in the press relative to their preparation. These cases are always written up by influential newspapers in the localities in which they occur, after a full and thorough investigation that leaves no doubt of their impartiality and truthful character. We are quite certain that the confidence reposed in the firm and their preparation is not misplaced:

The phrase "British pluck" has become an adage, and not without good reason, for wherever enterprise, courage or "bulldog tenacity" is required to sweep away or surmount opposing obstacles in order that the pinnacle of success may be reached, our true Briton never flinches, and facing all obstacles walks unshakenly to the reward. This same "British pluck" is a characteristic of the native born Canadian, and there are very few walks in life in which it does not bring success as the reward. This much by way of prelude to what bears every indication of being a successful venture on the part of a well known Canadian house. When it was announced a few months ago that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, intended establishing a branch

of their business in the Motherland, there were not a few who were inclined to be sceptical as to the success of the venture, while some boldly predicted failure. "There would be an objection," they urged, "to taking up a colonial remedy;" "their business methods differed from those prevailing in Canada;" "the field was already crowded with proprietary remedies long established, and well advertised." These and many other objections were urged as reasons why the venture was a doubtful one. But the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. was not to be deterred by any objections that might be raised. They had unbounded confidence in the merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the pluck to back up their confidence with their claim. This latter was well known to Canadian newspaper men who knew that less than three years ago the company first put upon the market in the form of Pink Pills a prescription which had previously only been used in private practice, and with a skill and audacity that has not been surpassed in the annals of Canadian advertising, pushed it in the van of all competitors. Of course the remedy had to have merit or this could not have been done, and it was the company's sincere belief in the merit of their remedy that endowed them with the pluck to place their capital behind it. It was this same conviction that merit, skillfully advocated, will command success and induce them to venture into competition with the long established remedies of the Motherland. And we are glad to know indeed we believe that all Canadians will be glad to learn—that short as is the time the Dr. Williams' Company has been in that field, their success has been rapid and ever increasing. As an instance of this success, the *Chemist and Druggist*, the leading drug journal of the world, and probably the most conservative, in a recent issue states that the success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Great Britain has been unprecedented and phenomenal. While, no doubt, it is the advertising that has brought this remedy into such rapid prominence in England, it is the merit of the preparation that keeps it there and makes it popular with the public. There are few readers in Canada who have not read of the cures, that to say the least, border on the marvelous, brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and already we see by the English papers that the same results are being achieved there. Is it any wonder then that Pink Pills are popular wherever introduced? We have done business with this firm for a number of years. We have found them honorable and reliable, and worthy of credence in all that they claim for their remedy.

We cannot close this article better than by giving in condensed form the particulars of a striking cure in Nottingham, England, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The cure is vouchsafed by the *Nottingham Daily Express*, that the *Journal of the Medical Society*, "The picturesque suburb of Old Bedford, some three miles from the market-place of Nottingham, has just been the scene of an occurrence which has excited considerable attention among the local residents, and of which rumors have reached Nottingham itself. The circumstances affect Mr. Arthur Watson of Old Bedford, formerly an employee in the bleach yard at Messrs. H. Ashwell & Co's hosiery factory, in New Bedford, and afterwards employed at the Bestwood Coal and Iron Co.'s factory, near Nottingham. In consequence of the gossip, which has been in circulation with regard to this case, a local reporter called upon Mr. Watson at his bright little house, situated at No. 19 Mountpleasant, Whitemoor road, Old Bedford, and made inquiries as to the curious circumstances alleged. The visitor was met by Mrs. Watson, but Mr. Watson himself, limping slightly afterwards entered the room, looking very little like the victim of sudden paralysis. He told the story of his life's health as follows: In boyhood he was prostrated by a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which, after his slow recovery, left behind it a permanent weakness and uncertainty of action in the heart and he had always been debilitated and more or less feeble. On giving up his work at Messrs. Ashwell's bleach factory, he sought change of employment and undertook the work of attending to furnaces at kilns at the Bestwood Coal and Iron Co.'s Works, but became an outpatient at the General Hospital, Nottingham, where he was treated for weakness of the heart. The circumstances of his work at the furnaces were somewhat peculiar. Exposed on one side to the extreme heat of the furnace, he was attacked on the other by the chilling winds which proved so distressing to many people last October, and one day in that month he was suddenly prostrated by a stroke which had all the appearance of permanent paralysis, and was pronounced such by the doctors who attended him. The course of the stroke appears to have been down the entire right side. His leg was entirely powerless and he was unable to stand. He could not lift his right arm from his side or from any position in which he was placed. His voice was horribly distorted and the organs of speech completely paralyzed, so that he was able neither to stand nor speak. His condition is described by those acquainted with him as being most pitiable. He lay in this condition for more than three months suffering intermittently considerable pain, but more afflicted by his utter helplessness than by sufferings of any other kind. His wishes were indicated by signs and feeble mumbles. The distortion of his face was rendered the more apparent by the ghastly pallor of his features, and he lay in bed anticipating nothing better than that death should eventually relieve him of his helplessness.

The Rev. Walter Cooper, Wesleyan Methodist minister, whose substantial building in High street, Old Bedford, took a pastor's interest in the case of this unfortunate man, and is acquainted with the circumstances from almost first to last. A week or two ago Mr. Watson began to astonish all his neighbors by the sudden improvement in his appearance and capacity. He is able to walk about, and his right arm, which was formerly perfectly incapable of motion, is now moved almost as readily as the other, though the fingers have not yet recovered their usual delicate touch. Perhaps the most striking circumstance, however, is the great improvement in the personal aspect of the man. The deformity of feature

caused by the paralysis is entirely removed. His speech is restored, and the right leg, the displacement of which kept him to his bed or chair, has now recovered its function so completely that he is about to take some out-door work in Basford and Nottingham.

Questioned as to the cause of this remarkable improvement in a case universally regarded as incurable by the medical profession, Mrs. Watson, wife of the patient, unhesitatingly attributed her husband's miraculous recovery to the use of a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and brought into considerable prominence by the publication of some remarkable cures effected by their means in Canada and elsewhere. "Since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mrs. Watson, "I have unquestionably been better not only than I was before the stroke of paralysis seized me, but than I have been at any time since my boyhood," a statement confirmed by Mrs. Watson, who said the appearance of her husband now was proof of the enormous improvement in his health. "The pills," she said, "seem not only to have cured the paralysis of the face and leg, but to have effected most remarkable change in his general health."

Mr. Watson was always remarkably pallid and of sickly appearance, but the ruddy glow of the patient's face confirmed Mrs. Watson's words. "I assure you," said she, "we can now in the highest possible degree of health." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Nothing either at the General Hospital or from the doctors who have attended my husband at different times, has done anything like the good which the few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pills he has taken have effected, and, under Providence, we feel he owes his life and his restoration to work and usefulness to this wonderful medicine."

Mr. Charles Leaseys, insurance agent, at Cowley street, Old Bedford, has among other neighbors been deeply moved by the sufferings of Mr. Watson, and profoundly impressed by his miraculous restoration to health. The case has, in fact, been a topic of conversation in the entire neighborhood.

Attention is drawn to the circumstance that every fact in the above remarkable history is vouched for by independent evidence, which it would be morally impossible to doubt. It is shown by conclusively attested evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pill for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the ordinary sense, but a scientific preparation from a formula long used in regular practice. They are shown to positively and unfailingly cure all diseases arising from impoverished blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, etc. They are especially useful in female weakness, hysterical paralysis, leprosy, asthma, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humor in the blood, causing scrofula, rickets, hip joint diseases, chronic erysipelas, cataract, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also invigorates the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry and diseases. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood becomes "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and strong, and nourishes the various organs, stimulates them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus to eliminate disease from the system.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, England (and of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y.), and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrappers at 2s. 9d. a box, or six boxes for 13s. 9d. Pamphlet free by post on application. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all chemists or direct by post from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from the above address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### What Was He to Do?

Sunday School Teacher—You should not fight, Tommy. If thine enemy smites thee on the right cheek, turn to the other.

Tommy Smathers—He gimme a jab on both cheeks, an' I didn't have no more to turn him in.

#### New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

#### Keeps 'Em Off.

Bleeker—Do you have those rods on your house to protect you from lightning?

Uncle Treetop—No; from lightning-rod agents.

#### World's Fair and Back.

The shortest and best route from Canada to the Columbian Exposition is via the new Wahash, Detroit & Chicago short line just opened, and is now running four solid trains daily, passing through principal Canadian cities without any change, finest sleeping day coaches and dining cars in the world, landing passengers at Dearborn station in the business center of the city, near cable cars and leading hotels. Take no World's Fair ticket unless it reads via Detroit and the banner route. Full particulars from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

#### Risky Economy.

Wife—But my dear, we can't afford to stay home from the shore this summer.

Husband (in surprise)—Good heavens! I can't afford it? Why, we owe the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and everybody else, and haven't a cent to pay them with.

Wife—Yes; but if they saw we couldn't afford to go away they would come down on us for the money, and we would have to go either into bankruptcy or starve to death.

#### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scrap or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. 5. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

R. S. V. P.—Hearty impulse, great individuality, some ambition, hasty method, and great boldness in self are shown; generosity, imagination, honesty and lack of buoyancy and hope also.

Honesty—You are somewhat imaginative, fond of things beautiful, discreet and self respecting, refined, and with much independent force of character, very feminine, and judgment a little hasty, impulse nervous, and will steady and decided. Honor and courage are shown.

Executor of McGinty—You are original, self-assertive,

and full of impulse, force and humor, fond of comfort, warm in affection, ambitious, bright and hopeful. This writing should mark successful and happy creature. You have also some sympathy, like to hear yourself talk, and have a constant and even purpose and orderly method.

LONDON—This is a strong, honest, rather matter-of-fact character, incapable of indirection and averse to frivolity; impulse is pessimistic and will constant and somewhat strong. Social instincts fair and imagination limited; small idealism and possibilities of excellent ability are shown. A character bound to win respect from thinking people.

MOLLY OF MORTLEY FARM.—You are careful and a little suspicious, generally might be developed with benefit to yourself—I mean a liberal habit of looking at things. Your character needs steadiness, that is if you are not rather juvenile, in which case it would naturally not be established. You have impulsive and erratic impulse, very fine force and careful judgment. Your affections are moderate and your temper sensitive.

ELIAS VENNER—1. Your note is quite sufficient for delineation. I don't know what has happened to the poem. I don't see it anywhere. 2. You are idealistic, rather sym-  
pathetic, somewhat vivacious, but not magnetic; discreet, careful and rather optimistic; affable and self-indulgent are small, but effort is constant; temper a little uncertain. This is an excellent neutral study, without any marked traits to attract or repel; on the whole rather apt to please.

LOUIS XIV.—You are good-tempered, light in will but persevering, fond of fun and slightly humorous, rather careless of details although wishing to appear creditable; very ambitious and hopeful of success, of good abilities and a certain culture; facility and ease of manner, with a very frank and honest method are shown. Some ideality and not much warmth of affection appear. Your enclosure does not admit of dejection, as I have frequently stated.

MR. MURKIN—1. Have I delineated this writing before? It is or was very familiar. 2. You are very persistent in action, fond of your friends, conservative and some-  
what cautious, of excellent ability, good judgment, self-control, a little impulsive with some erratic impulses, which you strive to correct. You are not brilliant nor very vivacious in manner, but you have a very level head on your shoulders, and you are worthy of consideration for many reasons, not the least being the fact that you know your own faults.

GEORGE GROSSMITH—1. You simply cannot "differ with" anyone. Try to agree with, or if you can't, then "differ from" them

## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

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VOL. VI] TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893. [No. 32

## "Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the sea-shore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses 25c. a month.

## To Our Readers.

SATURDAY NIGHT has without doubt the largest staff of any weekly newspaper in Canada. The production of a newspaper such as SATURDAY NIGHT, with its sixteen pages of carefully edited matter, is no ordinary task, and when summer comes, like Parsons and schoolteachers and lawyers and doctors, the writers who contribute to these columns think of rest and fishing and shady nooks and the sources of inspiration which cannot be found in the city. In July and August society matters, except such as come from summer resorts, are more limited, the reading public are disposed to read less in the heated term, and for this reason the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT propose for a few weeks to return to the old twelve-page form. For five years it was eminently satisfactory and they feel confident that this slight reduction in the quantity of matter will not meet with their disapproval. To-day this first twelve-page edition being on a holiday, it will naturally miss many of its accustomed readers until next week, when they will be glad to be able to catch up with the thread of the sketches and the stories by reading a little less.

For next fall the publishers of this paper have prepared a programme of supreme excellence. New features attended with large expenses will be added; more numerous illustrations will make SATURDAY NIGHT a still greater wonder as the best five-cent paper in the world. Its publishers have for the last three years claimed that there is no other paper of a similar price which uses as good paper, as good ink, as good illustrations, has as expensive a staff, or produces such an excellent result. Remember that for five cents you cannot buy any illustrated paper in America. Of course the daily papers attempt illustration, but SATURDAY NIGHT with its record of five and a half years of splendid success is to-day the most widely read and highly esteemed of all Canada's weeklies. The price the buyer pays does not nearly pay the cost of type, artists, editors, press work and the paper upon which it is printed. Much has to be drawn from the income created by its splendid advertising patronage in order to provide so much for so small a price.

By September there will be in full operation such additional enterprises as will permit of further additions to the expense of the central paper. Throughout Canada from ocean to ocean, much of the material worked up in SATURDAY NIGHT is distributed in various forms other than the circulation which is bounded only by the habitable limits of Canada. It is only by these features of the publication business fortifying the central and main idea of making SATURDAY NIGHT the greatest paper of its kind on earth, that the publishers have been permitted to excel competitors in every other country. By continuous investigation, travel, and the incurring of large expenses, the publishers have been able to establish themselves in this matter and the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have reaped the benefit, for every dollar that the business can find anywhere is dropped into the coffers from which the expenses of editorial, artistic and mechanical productions are paid.

It may not be uninteresting for the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to contrast the size, material and fate of SATURDAY NIGHT's many competitors. Advertisers can with profit to themselves notice that no expense has been spared not only to give this journal a circulation, but to make its advertisements the most pleasant, attractive and profitable that are printed in any newspaper in any country in the world. The fact that every effort of the Sheppard Publishing Company is made to establish auxiliaries which will enable them to present a paper the expenses of which are not justified by the price charged, must convince both reader and advertiser that there is some definite object in view.

On this First of July, 1893, the publishers desire to state what that object is. They have observed that no other newspaper in Canada is endeavoring to establish a franchise which on its merits must produce in a country such as ours a newspaper almost, if not absolutely, controlling its own peculiar field of enterprise. It is all right to work for the profits of to-day, but it is much better to carefully plan a success which shall be permanent. By cheap sensationalism a newspaper may obtain a large sale for one issue, but it is only by a large expenditure of money, indefatigable labor and a definite idea that a journal can be established in which the public will have con-

fidence, in which the advertisers will have not only quality but quantity of circulation, by reason of which the city in which it is published will have occasion to be proud of what it is doing. Amidst many disadvantages, one of which was the objection felt by many worthy citizens against society papers of all sorts, SATURDAY NIGHT has achieved the recognized position of being the best paper of its kind published at anything like a similar price in either America or Europe. Our Christmas Numbers have been works of art. We have on our staff and have assisted to develop the best talent now employed on the newspapers of the Dominion.

While advertising is slackest, while the special features of the paper are in least demand, we are gathering ourselves for an extra effort. At twelve pages the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT are still giving the best five-cent paper in the world. At sixteen pages we exceed all others so much the more. We are hoping within a reasonable length of time to give twenty pages. We are anxious to make our illustrations cover all the features of the day. Give us time, and London, Paris and New York will not produce anything so worthy of patronage, so artistic, so excellent as your own favorite SATURDAY NIGHT, of which the newsboys of Toronto sell so many.

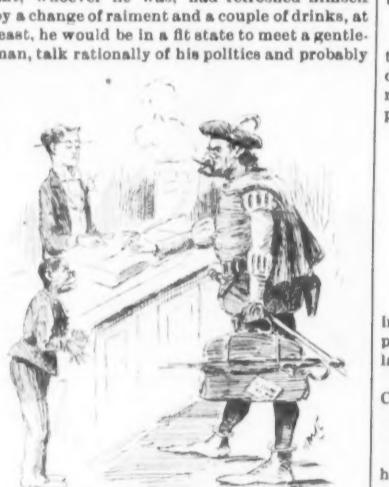
The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT seldom intrude themselves upon the readers of their paper. Once, perhaps twice, a year we make some little mention of our progress and our plans. The enterprise has been profitable, though not reaching the figures which rumors have often reached. If it has been profitable it has not been by means of extortion but by having obtained public confidence, and thereupon having endeavored to deserve it. What we have given in the past is only the beginning of what we hope to give in the future, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of making our greatest efforts at such seasons as we can obtain the greatest amount of appreciation.

To those who are going away we wish pleasant bathing, good fishing, many merry-making in meadow and grove, jolly hops at the seaside and a good time generally. Take SATURDAY NIGHT with you; it will be a letter from home, a never-failing correspondent which will keep you posted on what is going on.

## Christopher Columbus in Toronto.

**A**S everybody knows, Toronto has this week been visited by three of the strangest craft that ever cast anchor in its populous bay, commanded by an antique specimen of mortality as it has been my lot to interview in my capacity as hotel reporter for SATURDAY NIGHT. The mission of this nautical arrival is so strange that it may be worth while to give some space to his talk, the shouting of the stragglers from the Grit convention having about died away.

It was rumored early on Tuesday that three pirate ships of a most curious build were beating up from Scarborough and might be expected to effect a landing anywhere, except possibly through Ashbridge's Bay, which was regarded as strategically safe. The intentions of these odd-looking craft having proved to be quite harmless, the scare headlines which appeared in the first editions of the evening newspapers were substituted by something as near the truth as they ever get and to the effect that the sailors of these rakish-looking stone-hookers were on no other business than a voyage of discovery. Personally much relieved of course, owing to the anxiety I had felt as to certain mortgage covenants, I determined to allow the daily reporters to get in their work of harassing and prodding the unfortunate mariners for news, feeling confident that when the commandant, whoever he was, had refreshed himself by a change of raiment and a couple of drinks, at least, he would be in a fit state to meet a gentleman, talk rationally of his politics and probably



Columbus Registers.

not require interpolations in his conversation to render it interesting reading matter. I gave him two days in which to discover himself, as it were.

The news of course spread like wild-fire and many wild guesses were made as to the nationality of the visitors. Some people hinted vaguely as to "another island mystery," a "rescuing party for E. A. Macdonald," etc. Said I to myself, "The beings who sail such antique crafts must be gentlemen. Travel with all the speed they may, they evidently must have ample time for reflection and thought. They evidently are no excursionists or rabid World's Fair tourists. I will see the commodore and interview him myself for the best five-cent paper in the world." Thereupon, in my second-best dress suit I sought the Queen's hostelry and enquired if any foreigners sheltered there. Without removing his eyes from a spot in vacancy the clerk silently pointed to the register, upon which was the following name in a hand which for "foresightedness" would have tickled the expert graphologist:

CH. COLOMBO.  
(DISCOVERER) SPAIN

Following my card I was ushered into the Red Parlor so dear to the memory of many who, while esteemed to be robbers, are yet the gen-

test philanthropists which any summer agitation has tried to remove. The tall owner of a fine Roman nose set in sun-burned cheeks, his face illumined by bright gray eyes, rose and greeted me in excellent English with a large Italian accent.

"Christopher Columbus," said I, Anglicizing his name with the deftness of a daily reporter, "can you give a minute to the press?"

"Ah," said he, "another gentleman of the charge. Nothing short of consternation possessed me. To cover my confusion I offered Chris a cigarette.

"Pardon me; the weekly press—SATURDAY NIGHT."

"Really. Such a pleasure! My wife takes it."

Reclining, both of us, I found him a thorough gentleman. He had got rested and had looked around the city.

"So you want to know who I am and why I came. That is quite natural. I am curious myself. Si señor, I will tell you. I am the admiral of the fleet of three caravels you have observed in the bay, the *Santa María*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*. The first named I command myself, the second is commanded by Captain Martin Alfonzo Pinzon, and his brother, Vicente Yanez Pinzon, runs the *Nina*, and we have ninety men aboard. We are in the Spanish secret service and exploration department. We set sail from Palos on August 3, 1492."

"Pardon me; you mean 1892."

"Allow me, scribo, I mean just what I said, 1492. I know the year because my mother was fifty that very month."

I may remark that at this point a little breeze of astonishment sprang up in my mind. What a convenience! But I hear they don't run on Sunday. What a pity! It would give so many a chance to go to church. Yes, I have visited the Canada Life tower. The view is grand. The new Parliament buildings and that round house, the cyclorama, remind me of old Madrid. The water! I have tasted it. It looks well. What an absurdity your drainage system must be. I assure you we would not tolerate it. To pour sewage into your drink! But strange, isn't it, that peculiarity attracted me to your shores. It was the first indication of your whereabouts. On the morning of the third day before we landed as I was on watch I observed we were floating in a strange-looking compound. It was scarcely dawn, but I knew we were not on fresh water; in fact, I nosed it. At first I took it to be a branch of the Gulf stream gone bad, but finally concluded that it must be the sewage of some mighty city. I guess I was right too. How long has this been going on?"

"For years, for years," I admitted.

"Is it likely to continue?"

"It is very probable!"

"What? Have you no civic government?"

"Well, we have a mayor and twenty-four aldermen."

I related a short history of the present squabble over the streets, the Esplanade difficulty, the court house racket, etc.

He drew himself up to his full height and dramatically enquired, "Can I see this aggregation of Solons?"

"Come with me," did I laconically reply.

Together this strange man from beyond seas and I did wend our way. At sight of that magnificent ruin, the City Hall, Chris rubbed his hands and snuffed the cigarette.

"So like home, so like home," he muttered.

"But on, on. I feel it."

"Feel what?"

"Oh, a conviction."

We entered the chamber of state and beheld a full meeting of the council. Columbus fixed a glittering eye on the gang. He was overjoyed. Without waiting to hear a word spoken he hurried out. "Columbus," I said, "reveal to me this new-made joy which has seized you. What is the matter?"

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"Ferdinand bet me ten thousand doubloons before I left that I couldn't find a more stupid body of public men than were at his own court. As they had seriously impeded my plans I demanded large odds and got them. To win, all I have got to do is to get photographs of the entire party in there and the stakes will be mine. I'll back it up with your account of civic mismanagement which you have kindly given me. I am indeed grateful to you. Come and see me next summer, do you part."

"Thank you, Chris," said I gaily. Our ways parted.

"Remember me to Isabella, Chris."

"I shall. Adios."

C. left for Chicago that night. He will do the Fair if he has time.

CHARLES CARLYLE ARNOLD.

Credited to Inspiration.

**T**HE exciting debate on the Prof.

Campbell libel (heresy) case was

over and the representatives of

the press who were not of the

clergy felt that they had kept

pace with the discussion. There were those in

the Presbyterian General Assembly who had

other opinions, and one of them, a clergyman,

said it his duty to intimate that he had fears

regarding the accuracy of the report of the

proceedings taken by the wielders of soft

pencils. He accordingly addressed himself to

one of the newspaper men saying:

"I suppose there are many things in the discussion you do not understand?"

"Well?"

"What do you do when you get into such difficulties?"

"Oh, we just credit that to inspiration, put it down and let it go."

ORTHOLOGY.

Will the Heavenly Angels Welcome Him So?

**T**HE students got over their surprise at the sight of so many men, they began to enquire as to who was who.

"Are you," said the charming spokeswoman of a boy of beautiful girls, "a minister or an elder?"

"I am neither; I am a newspaper man."

Girls in chorus—"Good! good! we can talk to you." And they talked.

NECTAR.

At Donavan's Christening.

Mrs. Donavan—If Mrs. Corkey 'll shtop atin' her tay over th' condle we'se wud how

moor light fr' th' calibration.

sandth birthday. I have therefore little time left."

I simply said, "You astonish me, Columbus."

"Probably I do, probably I do," he murmured, as if used to the charge. Nothing short of consternation possessed me. To cover my confusion I offered Chris a cigarette.

"Pardon me; the weekly press—SATURDAY NIGHT."

"Really. Such a pleasure! My wife takes it."

Reclining, both of us, I found him a thorough gentleman. He had got rested and had looked around the city.

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## Between You and Me.

"I WONDER," I began, as Elsie and I lunched together the other day. "Don't," said Elsie in a sage manner. "Never wonder; if you do you'll be sorry. Whenever people get to wondering about religion, or their neighbors, or—*hush*, they always make trouble for themselves." (I had been about to wonder what my veal pie was made of.) I have thought of her words many times since, for I've heard a good deal of wondering lately. One woman wondered how somebody could stand something of a domestically unpleasant nature. Another wondered where the money was coming from for a contemplated social splurge. A man wondered whether the Sunday cars would effect our congregation, and if so, how so? In fact, since Elsie told me never to wonder, I have been like Alice in Wonderland, and my ears hear on every side pitying, scornful, sarcastic and contemplative, these two forbidden words, "I wonder."

Talking of churches reminds me of a happening lately chronicled in parish church, way down in the garden of England—Kent. An old gentleman addicted to a very pronounced habit of snoring fell asleep in that church. He snored, long and loud, and the congregation was so disturbed by his nasal performance that the church officials had to wake him up. I don't know which or how, whether the rector's churchwarden rattled the contribution box at him, or the sidesman pinched him, or the clerk intoned a warning into his ear, or the beadle (after the fashion in vogue in regard to small boys) cracked him on the pate with a knobby wand—however they did it, it was so ludicrous in effect and manner that four young men burst out laughing, and even the sexton smiled. Now, anything which would make an ordinary sexton smile in church ought to send four young men into hysterics. We don't have parish clerks here but they are worse than sextons, taken from a hilarious point of view. In spite of all this the parson did not pass over the young men's cackhinnation; he rebuked them and had them fined twelve shillings each. I wonder—oh, I forgot!—Elsie advises me not to wonder, but really, don't you think a good many three dollars would be paid into court here if old gentlemen and rectors combined to put our Toronto boys in such a corner?

Careless behavior in church is a sign of the times. The old-fashioned spirit of reverence for everything is dying out. It dies hard, as is evidenced by the discussion now on the *taapis* in regard to Sunday car service. It is not always fair to rail against the opponents of this innovation as selfish, unsympathetic or narrow-minded. In many grows, deep-rooted, a reverence for the Sabbath which stands before every other consideration and argument. It was born in them, instilled into their childish minds, and still holds its place with regnant power, and to hurt it hurts the very soul life within them, while to uproot it would be well nigh impossible. No argument will accomplish that, the denial of what is in them a sacred impulse and principle, nothing but the chance of the love of man overwhelming the fear of God and winning the consent for the sake of those panting, helpless children, those faded mothers and toiling fathers to whom, for the summer season, the cars might prove a means of securing for a few hours purer air every week and a welcome change of surroundings. Were this the true question at issue, nine-tenths of those who oppose Sunday cars would be able, for the sake of God's poor, to countenance this partial secularization of God's Sabbath, but you and I know that the poor who would be benefited, and the lawless, the idle, and the selfish who would abuse the advantage, are in proportion much the same as the excessive heated term is to the year's twelve months. For this heated term I would have the cars—I would have them free for every mother, father and child who wanted to prowl round High Park, enjoy the jocund influences of the city graveyards, or sniff the pure air of the Island lagoons. I, with my leisure hour-a-day to whizz round the city on my wheel, to occasionally sail across the lake on a Saturday, and to move from one end to the other of the limits any day I please, would dearly love to see every pale factory girl, every tired shop hand, every tinker, tailor and toiler five miles out from St. John's ward every fine Sunday in summer. But the Sunday street cars won't take them, I am afraid. Wait and we shall see!

By the way, I never told anyone of the funny quarter of an hour we spent on our Chicago trip, somewhere away off in the sandy desert around that Western region this side of Chicago. Of course it was on the new Wabash road and something necessitated a stop, and happily we stopped alongside a box car or two which were occupied as boudoir and sleeping apartments by the foreign counts employed on the tracks. The boudoir had been turned into a barber shop as we arrived, and a dusky-faced young navvy, with an incredibly grimy towel round his neck, was sitting patiently on a soap box while a very large man with a tin cup of lather prepared to shave him. Such a barber, and ye tonsorial records! such a razor! It looked as if it had done service at all the darky assemblies since the war! A regular Goliah of a tool. We, two ladies and two men, gazed in great interest while the young person was barbershaved, then we gave a simultaneous "oh!" when the barber deftly twisted him round and lathered and shaved the back of his neck. When he was quite finished and the towel unwound, he stood up and looked out. We complimented and applauded. He hung his head and smiled in acknowledgment. They could scarcely coax the next man into the chair; he seemed nervous, and we pulled down the blinds; he sat down; up went the blinds again, but he was in it. A diversion occurred just then, for we discovered a laundry party on the opposite side, and spent an amused five minutes in observing the masculine method of doing up a shirt. It was first soaped, then soaped, then the washer smoked and looked at it. Then he scrubbed and soaped in a cyclone of effort, then added with a weary wince, he washed the garment in the air and shook it vigorously; then he took it by the sleeves and tied it round a telegraph pole. All the fence posts, telegraph poles and tree trunks were embraced by dun-colored shirt sleeves. It was funny! LADY GAY.

## The End of an Experiment

## A BI CYCLE STORY.

I. Mrs. Montgomery wrinkled her forehead and sighed a little as she looked after Eleanor, trudging slowly out of the sunny living-room of the country farm-house, where the mother and daughter were located for the summer. Eleanor was too languid for the White Mountains, too *blase* for Saratoga, too indifferent for Europe, and her energetic mother had taken medical advice, and medical advice ran as follows: "Take her into the country to some well-to-do farmer's family; let her drink fresh milk and toss hay, and go to bed at nine o'clock." Eleanor abominated milk, scouted the idea of tossing hay and sat up on the balcony until twelve every night. She became more languid and anaemic daily, and at the date I chose for your introduction to her was in a condition variously interpreted, to wit: according to herself, "too weary;" according to her mother, "too indolent;" and according to Mrs. Masters, the farm mother, "too lazy" to care whether she lived or died.

"Tell you what, Bob," said the last mentioned personage, "we must do something to stir that gal up. Her ma's just downhearted about her, and I shouldn't wonder but she gives notice and takes her back to New York before July."

Bob Masters scratched his head slowly and pondered. Then a bright thought came. "But they're rented for the season."

"Tain't the rent that worries me," said the busy woman, with a shrug. "But I don't like to be beat. That gal was sent here to be cured of laziness. It's all that's the matter with her, Bob, and I don't want the cure to fail. Seems to me something should occur to us. An idea might stray our way."

"Hallo!"

The clear call made Mrs. Masters and Bob start and look out of the dairy-room door.

"Any dogs?" called the same clear voice, and before Mrs. Masters could catch her breath something flashed past the half-basement door of the milk-room and Bob jumped up with a laugh.

"It's one o' them wheelin' cranks," he said, stepping outside the vine-hung doorway.

"Hallo! what's wrong?"

"My pneumatic is punctured, and I want to mend it in this shady corner instead of out on that dusty road, if you don't mind," said the same happy-toned voice, and forth stepped a young man in a trim road suit with his hand-kerchief floating like a havelock down the back of his head, and every symptom of having broiled for some hours in a June sun.

"Cert," said the farmer heartily. "Have some buttermilk? Hand out a gourd full, mother, please."

Mrs. Masters supplied the ice-cool buttermilk, and the cyclist and the farmer sat on the grass and chatted, Bob watching curiously while the wheelman located the puncture and deftly applied the cement.

"Better fun than tossin' hay!" said Bob tentatively.

"That's as you feel," said the cyclist with a smile. "As I rode past that big field down there where the men are working, I just longed



The Masters' Homestead.

to turn in for a day's haymaking. Don't want a hand, do you?" and he laughed quaintly.

"Want half a dozen," said Bob, eying him closely. "Wish you'd bring a company of men from the city yearnin' to make hay. I'd give 'em a dollar a day, for I'm mortal scared of rain to-morrow and there's twenty loads of A 1 hay in that big field."

The cyclist stood up. "She's firm now," he said, looking over his wheel. "See here, farmer, I can't wheel for two or three hours; I'll make hay if you'll give me another drink of buttermilk and a slice of bread and butter when I am ready to go."

Bob laughed heartily.

"Done, and a good dinner and many thanks," he said. "I'm just waiting for the buttermilk for the men. Are you ready, mother? Well, this chap will help me load the cans. Steady, Jessie! Just take the bridle, mother, the fleshes her. Hallo! Miss Eleanor, won't you ride out to the hay field in the cart? You ride back as soon as the cans are empty."

"I wonder who he is?" The words dropped unconsciously from Miss Eleanor's lips, as she stood under the porch. Mrs. Masters smiled but made no reply, probably because she never cared to own her ignorance on any subject. Miss Eleanor strolled over to the bicycle and examined the tire.

"It is quite hard," she said. "What a curious thing it is. Ow!" A cry of distress summed Mrs. Montgomery and the farm mother, and they found Eleanor vainly trying to replace the wheel which her gentle touch had set rolling and which now lay capsized in the manner of wheels, utterly inexplicable to the unwary meddler.

"I only touched it," she cried. "Oh, do you think it is broken?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Masters shortly. "There, leave it lying down," as Eleanor executed a wild *pas de deux* round the wheel to avoid its erratic gyrations. "If it's broke, I guess he can mend it. There, Miss Eleanor, you can't stand it firm; just leave it lying; he'll think it blew down."

Mrs. Montgomery laughed at Eleanor's distress. "Were you trying to ride?" she said mischievously. "Really, Eleanor, I had no idea you were such a tomboy."

"If I've broken it, what shall I do?" sighed Eleanor, picking up the jacket and folding it neatly. "Doesn't it look awfully crooked now? I'm sure it's broken, mother."

A letter fluttered from the jacket pocket and as she picked it up she involuntarily read the address. "Frank Amyot." The street and number were below but Eleanor had no petty curiosity and quickly thrust the letter into the first pocket she found and laid the jacket on the grass beside the wheel. However, she felt somewhat pleased to be aware of the name of the stranger who, forsooth she knew, might have a heavy bill of damages against her for a wrecked and ruined wheel. She dared not

come down to dinner, and in the afternoon the wheel disappeared and she saw it no more. About six o'clock as she wandered up and down the lane a bright voice came ringing across the fence, and as she turned she saw the cyclist wheeling slowly down the road with a second wheel at his side. "Please open the gate," was what he called, and with an eagerness born half of penitence and half of curiosity she quickly flung open the farm gate and stood aside.

"Oh, Miss Eleanor, I beg your pardon, I did not recognize you. Please excuse me for shouting," and the wheelman jumped down and walked between the two wheels. The road was rutty and his progress slow.

"I'll just leave one of them here and come back for it," he said.

"Couldn't I?" Eleanor hesitated.

"Why, of course. You might take this one," and he calmly handed her the smaller wheel. She essayed to wheel it and it acted as wheels do in the hand of the novice. The cyclist took no heed of the young lady's erratic course, and presently Eleanor mastered the jibing bicycle and wheeled it circumspectly to the shade of the tree by the milk-house.

"That's a lady's wheel," said the stranger when the two were stacked against the tree. "I am going to give it to my sister for a birthday present—when she comes to the country."

Eleanor was eying the other, and she stammered: "Did I—do anything to your wheel? Is it—broken?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

Eleanor confessed her ignorance.

"My sister has one, and she will be boarding here next week. I've just engaged a room for her. She's a teacher and she has been over-worked in school, so I taught her to ride and bought her a wheel, and she'll soon pick up. Perhaps you'd like to try when she comes? She can show you how."

Eleanor drew herself in even so slightly.

"Thank you, I don't think I ever could."

"Oh, they all say that. I am sure you could learn in a week, and in a fortnight you could do your ten miles like a bird. You're so light and you hold yourself so well."

Eleanor stared at him in dignified silence.

He had dropped on his knees again and was putting away his tools and looking seriously at his work as he spoke; she reconsidered her impression; evidently he had no suspicion of her disapproval.

"My sister has improved wonderfully already," he continued. "After all, there's no medicine like a bicycle for a run-down girl. You should really try it. You'd soon feel like a different creature."

Eleanor did not resent this personal turn. She was unfortunately accustomed to such advice and her health had been the text of countless sermons. She sighed and gathered up her skirts and without another word walked slowly to the balcony. The cyclist looked after her curiously, and after shaking his head several times remarked: "She really ought to have a wheel!"

## II.

Bob laughed more heartily than usual when his new haymaker proposed staying until the big meadow was cleared and the hay safe under cover.

"You might have dropped from the clouds just when I was prayin' for you," he said. "If you're serious, why all I can say is, stay. You've done two men's work this day and tomorrow I'll rig you out in another suit. Those wheelin' togs are too hot and too tight for hay-makin'."

The cyclist rode to the village nearest the farm and sent a telegram to a cycle firm in New York that evening, which much interested the lady operator. It read as follows: "Send lady's No. 13 to Masterville to-morrow," and the signature was an enigma worse than the telegram, for it consisted only of the following figures: 1-93. The lady operator looked favorably upon the cyclist, for he was handsome and muscular and humorous, and his bright face and clear voice made a spot of sunshine in her quiet, gray-toned life.

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## V. A Professional Skipper.

From The Illustrated American.

**D**ESERTION was, and is, the open sore of the American army.

Like all other evils, it has its causes. In the old days when the frontier was the frontier, harsh treatment, bad food, hard service in the field, the monotony of garrison life, and the lack of amusements and recreations in the isolated and shabby little posts were among the causes that impelled men to desert their colors.

Among the enlisted men desertion was regarded as a very venial offence; and it was held that men who were ill-treated had a right to desert; men who were discontented ought to desert; and men who were found to be rogues were encouraged to desert by public sentiment and certain rude but significant hints.

This constant depletion of the ranks by desertion, and the great expense in transporting recruits to distant stations, as well as the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the hard and unromantic service of the plains, made the evil a very serious problem for the War Department to solve.

Fort Wingate, situated on the slopes of the Zuni Mountains in Campbell's Pass, New Mexico, being without telegraphic communication with the inner world, suffered a great deal from desertion.

After each visit of the paymaster there was a decrease in the ranks and stables of the garrison. The officers were used to it; the men expected it; and the flight of these military birds of passage became one of the pleasing excitements of the post. They furnished a week's holiday for a pursuing party, which chased the fugitives as far as San Mateo, where they remained to have a good time with the daughters of the town as long as their cash lasted, and then returned leisurely to the post, to report that the deserters had escaped.

In the ease and safety of "skipping," as it was termed in army slang, the cavalryman had an advantage over the mere infantry man. While the poor "doughboy" deserter was hiding in the hills by day and tramping over dusty trails by night, with a heavy "long Tom" on his shoulder, the cavalry "skipper" was riding gaily to freedom, careless of pursuit, able and willing to stand off any too officious civil officer, confident that his comrades would not bother him unless he ran into their arms, and certain that his good trooper horse was worth a hundred dollars in the settlement, when he had cunningly burned out the U. S. brand with a red-hot currcomb.

The experience of Fort Wingate was duplicated in every Western post; and soldiers deserted in parts of the country and reached civilization when it was deemed hazardous for armed trains to travel. Strange as it may appear, men never deserted in the field during an Indian campaign; it was garrison dullness that made deserters, not the fighting and hard riding of plains and sierras.

In 1873 General Grant issued a proclamation pardoning all deserters who surrendered to the military authorities and returned to their colors. The President wisely concluded that this would bring back a number of men into the army and stop the outflow for a while, but he hardly realized the story it would tell in the army itself. At Wingate the proclamation was the universal subject of talk in the company quarters, and conjectures were made as to the number of men who would avail themselves of its clemency. Out of a total strength of eighty men in my own company, some twenty reported themselves as "skippers."

Then we began to hear from posts in Arizona, Utah, Kansas, Texas, Dakota, in fact from all parts of the American military world, from men who were getting out of the rain, and, *per contra*, there was a constant demand for the records of elusive soldiers who in times past had slipped away uncontestedly and were now willing to return to their first love.

The most interesting of all this host of prodigals to me, was a quiet, smart, clean, well-set-up fellow in my own company, named Dick Brandon, who modestly admitted twenty-three desertions. Dick had evidently been on the move for years and had a nervous objection to remaining long anywhere. What troubled Dick, now that his desertions were wiped out, was the haunting dread of the big charges that went with his "skipping."

The captain of a company in the army is responsible to the government for every piece of property in his care, and he must account for it or pay for it. Now, the most painstaking officer in the world loses things, and unless they are covered some way the unlucky officer would never draw a cent on his pay certificate. Hence the military sarcasm hurled at a soldier when he loses a cartridge or anything else: "Lost it, did you? Well, you'll find it on your master roll!"

Now, a smart quartermaster sergeant found a convenient outlet for all losses in desertion. When a man skipped he was charged with not only all he actually took, but with all that the frugal quartermaster sergeant had lost. This was simple and effective. The extent and variety of property alleged to be stolen by deserters would stagger anybody except an experienced company quartermaster sergeant or a dull department auditor. They knew from experience that a deserter was capable of stealing anything from a ramrod to a battery of artillery.

When the last of Dick Brandon's accounts came in we figured it out that he owed Uncle Sam about \$4,000; and as he ruefully scratched his head, Dick guessed he would be ready for the soldier's home by the time the bill was settled. He began to grow uneasy and was about ready to skip, when the buckboard from Santa Fe brought ease to his mind and balm to his soul. A letter came from the Adjutant

# The Tales of a Trooper.

## V. A Professional Skipper.

From The Illustrated American.

General's office stating that the Attorney General had given a decision that wiped out old scores and gave the deserter a chance to begin again with a clean record.

That evening after "retreat" Dick and I sat on our bunks polishing belts, cleaning brasses, burning our sabre scabbards and getting things ready for guard mounting next morning, for Dick was a great fellow "to run for orderly."

As we smoked and talked and polished I wormed some of Dick's experiences out of him.

"Say, Dick," I asked, "what was your first enlistment?"

"Well," said Dick with a laugh, "my first

enlistment was sailing. I listed in the marines and was sent down to a fly-blown hole in Florida.

The heat, the bugs, and the style of

the marine officers sickened me, so I resigned."

"Resigned!" I queried.

"Gave them a French resignation, you know. I struck New Orleans in a Cuban banana boat, dead broke, and joined a company of "doughboys" at Baton Rouge. That place was worse than Florida. The first pay day settled me, and I took a trip up the river. They charged me with two rifles, a dozen brooms, and a wheelbarrow on my muster roll, when I skipped. Handy thing for a deserter, a wheelbarrow! I often wonder that they did not charge me with Tom Gorman's wife, who lit out with a coon about the time I retired."

"Where did you go, Dick?"—St. Louis?

"Yes! Thought I'd take a flyer in the cavalry. Got sick of old Bully Welch there, and was glad enough to go with a detachment to the Third in Arizona. Well, that's a lovely country to get away from. If there's a hell on earth, Arizona is the place. I was stationed at Verde, and the malarial, bad grub, and Apache chasing changed my views of the cavalry.

Three of us skipped the first time the paymaster got round, and we worked down through Apache Pass into New Mexico with our hair all right. We struck the settlements, sold our horses and separated. I worked down to El Paso and went broke on a monte game.

I went over to Fort Bliss and "took" another blanket. I liked soldiering there first-rate and got the chevrons, but the captain "broke" me for raising a row downtown and thumping a greaser. That made me mad, so I went on the retired list once more. That quartermaster sergeant was a daisy, and as I was a chum of his, he socked it to me—charged me with a six-mile harness, a grindstone, two spades, a 'long Tom,' and a hundred rounds of ammunition.

Just you think of me a-hoofing it across the desert between Quitman and Davis with a grindstone under my arm! Must have thought I wanted it to sharpen my appetite. I got a job as a teamster at Fort Clark, but I ran across a fellow I knew at Baton Rouge, and as he was always hard up and had an idea I was a bank, I concluded to go East."

"And then?" I insinuated.

"Then," resumed Dick, "I guessed I had all the West I wanted for a while, so I honored the artillery. I made a mistake. I was in a fort where you could see nothing but sea and sand, and where it was cold enough to freeze a brass monkey.

Lord! but the artillery is tough and dull! all guard duty and polishing; no mountains, no plains; all buttons and drill. That heavy artillery made a flying artillery man of me. I waited for pay day and left without leaving any address. Well, my muster roll caught it.

They landed me on the pay roll for a caisson and fifty rounds of fixed and strapped ammunition and other trifles."

"Draw it mild, Dick," I suggested.

"Well, if they didn't," said Dick earnestly, "may I be 'balled-tailed,' I put out for the West

and listed in Covington in the 'doughboys' again, like a fool. I was just in time to be rounded up for a batch of 'Johnnies' going to Montana, the worst lot of fresh fish I ever got into. Tough! Well! Say! We hoisted off all day and stood guard every other night. We had a chap just appointed from civil life in command, and he was scared to death. And the grub! Well! Let that go. We got to our post and we had to build new stables for the cavalry. Fatigue duty every day and dress parade every night made life hardly worth living. Then I was detailed to guard a railroad survey. That was exciting, for the Sioux had a spite against us; but I concluded thirteen dollars a month was too small a bet to shake my scalp against. Four of us said good-bye and walked to the railroad, sleeping in ravines by day and tramping by night. Once more I figured as a big thief on the muster rolls. The post quartermaster-sergeant sold six miles to a freighter and the team turned up on my pay roll, with plunder enough to start a sutler's store."

"Well, go on, Dick," I said.

"Ob, to make a long story short, I kept getting in and getting out all the time. Had to

keep going and changing my name, for I was

always running into some fellow that knew me. Not many fellows will blow on you—but you can't help thinking they will. Then a fellow that knows you has a skip against you finds you very convenient to borrow tobacco from and money, and a chap winds up by getting out. Now, there's Mackey who just joined.

He was with me in the Nineteenth. I was

nervous about him, though he never pretended

to know me; but he owned up to four himself.

I'm going to stick this time and get out square and fair with a clean discharge, for I'm sick

and tired of running away like a rabbit."

Dick made a good soldier and got a sergeant's chevrons; but he never served his enlistment out. He was smoking a cigar in a saloon in Las Cruces two years later, when two fellows had a row and pulled pistols on each other.

Both fired. One was killed and his bullet missed his man and went through Dick's head,

illing him in the little graveyard there, and every man chipped in his dollar to put a stone over the head of poor Dick Brandon, the "professional skipper."

JOSEPH SMITH.

Norm—in regular army slang a "doughboy" is an infantry man. A "skipper" is a deserter. "Taking a blanket" is re-enlisting in the army. The cleanest soldier in the guard is usually selected for the commanding officer's orderly during his tour of duty; the pris' gives the orderly his night's rest and the preparation of his meals. Officers that are called "on the order" are out of commission. When a man is dishonorably discharged, the "character" is cut off his discharge, and he is said to have been "balled-tailed." The guardhouse is called the "jug." An officer's servant is a "dog robber." A cook's swill dish is a "pig's ear." A fat man is a "Tom." The comrade who shares his blankets with his friend becomes his "bunkie." A private soldier is a "buck." A battalion of recruits going to a regiment has a number of temporary or lance non-coms; these are known as "prairie" sergeants and corporals.

## The Adventures of Jones.

## V.—THE CAT MOTOR.

"Speaking of cats," said Jackson Peters, in an easy tone, turning around sideways in his chair, "I want to—"

"But, Jackson," interposed Jones gently and with a touch of weariness in his voice, "let us approach this profitable and diverting narrative of yours with a clear understanding of where we are and what we are doing. Favor your expectant audience, Jackson, with an exact statement as to who was speaking of cats."

"Well, Robinson said he was kept awake all

last night, and I supposed it was cats, of course. It's usually cats, you know. As I started to say—"

"Jackson, you jump at conclusions like a man writing history. You show yourself better fitted for a geologist than a story-teller. In point of fact, Robinson was kept awake by your improbable tale of railroad experiences in Arizona, where, you told us, they run over a steer whenever they want a steak in the dining-car. Quite enough to keep anybody awake, Jackson. Now, speaking of cats, since a definite person has spoken of cats, let me relate a little experience of my own which I had with them when I lived in Milwaukee. You know one of my greatest hobbies is the extraction of latent energy. I cannot rest when I see stored-up force, and work which that force might be doing. This brought about my great tramp motor, of which I have told you. In that, you will remember, I constructed a pair of front steps on the principle of a tread-mill, on which I kept the tramp by an ingenious system of old bayonets, which rose up behind him, till his entire latent energy had been extracted. I baited my motor with my grandmother—as you must recollect, a most benevolent-appearing and tramp-attracting old gentlewoman, whose features, fortunately, I was allowed largely to inherit. Ah, I can see the dear old lady yet, in white cap, sitting there on the stoop in the warm spring sunlight, knitting, and looking mildly over her spectacles at another two hundred-pound tramp coming trustingly up the gravel walk—like a lamb, gentlemen, to the slaughter!

"But to my cat idea. I had a large cork and blow factory in Grand avenue, and I needed power to run my machinery. You know, of course, that there is an immense amount of stored-up electricity in a cat. The problem for inventors has been to invent a way to extract it profitably. Franklin looked into the subject.

His idea was to tie the cat to a kite string by her tail and let her skate along across the country, the friction between the cat and the face of nature generating the electricity, the same afterwards to be extracted from the kite by induction; but the plan was too expensive.

For five years it was impossible to keep a cat in the neighborhood of Menlo Park. Thomas A. Edison was working every night on the same problem; but he, too, failed. More fortunate than they, I succeeded—chiefly, I believe, because I approached the subject scientifically. In the rear of my factory I constructed a one-story circular building, some thirty feet in diameter. On the floor of this I coiled a glass pipe six inches in diameter. The first coil ran around the outside of the room, the coils gradually growing smaller, till the last, in the center, was no larger than this table. It gave me something like a mile of pipe. The top and sides of this pipe were lined with rather stiff hair bristles, the bristles being a little more than an inch in length.

"At that time Milwaukee was overrun with cats. It was impossible to sleep nights. I put a notice in the paper that I would pay ten cents a dozen for prime cats, delivered at my factory.

I got sixty dozen in the first day, and stored them in the basement of the power-house.

The motor operated thus: Placing in the outer end of the glass pipe an imitation rat, made of rubber and propelled by a small interior storage battery, I would then adjust a cat immediately behind it. The rubber rat would start off at a terrific rate—it was made to go through the mile of tubing in from two to three minutes—and the cat, of course, followed furiously, thinking to catch the supposed animal throughout the entire distance. Gentlemen, it was exciting to watch a healthy, active cat whip about those spirals, with the mechanical rat about a foot ahead, and going like a cannon-ball. The cat's back and sides rubbed against the bristles, and her electricity was thus extracted. With a storage battery, and by sending a cat through every five minutes, I generated enough electricity to operate my entire plant, light my factory and sell power to run neighboring passenger elevators and small machinery. It also took the yowl out of the cats and gradually the city became quiet. At the end of a week a cat could be caught and used again, an advantage which my tramp-motor did not possess, as even the most bland smile of my dear old grandmother could seldom lure on a tramp the second time."

There was silence around the table for a full minute after Jones stopped. Then Peters arched his eyebrows and slowly said:

"Jones, the weak point of your stories is always the end. You build up some marvelous

—I will not say impossible—structure, and then give a lame and impotent reason for its failure or final disappearance. Now I dare say a camel's stock your cat-motor, or something of that sort."

An expression almost of indignation mantled the placid features inherited from a benevolent grandmother as Jones turned to Peters and said:

"You do me an injustice, Jackson. You might have heard the conclusion before making your comments. Nothing happened to that cat-engine; it is there yet. When I left Milwaukee I sold the factory to a man named Pumpernickel. He operates it still. He has also added the business of beer-bottling. On that very bottle standing before you, you



## A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

For all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, take

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## Cricket Notes.

THE crushing defeat that Ottawa received at the hands of Toronto was a big surprise to those interested in the game, and a more complete reversal of what happened last year could hardly be imagined. At one stage of the game it looked as if Toronto would not pile up a very tall score, 5 wickets being down for 47, of which McLaughlin and Goldingham made 24, 10 and 14 respectively, both men playing good cricket. Fleur and Terry put an entirely different complexion on the game, and for a time completely mastered the bowling. Little, Turton, Bristow and Steele were all tried in turns during the partnership of these two and the last named bowler, who appeared to trouble the batsmen most, finally effected the separation by bowling Fleur for a well played, useful 30, 24 of which had been put on during his partnership with Terry. The latter was in good form and made some beautiful strokes, his late cutting being greatly appreciated. When Fleur was out Terry had made 23 out of 92, and he scored rapidly that, adding 60 to his individual score while four men made 13 between them and 11 extras were added on. His innings of 65 not out included 5 fours, 3 threes, 13 twos and 8 singles. He gave one very noticeable chance to long off when he lifted one of Steele's, but the fielder failed to get under it. The Ottawa fielding round the wickets was not bad, but there were several mistakes made out in the long field. Steele had the best bowling average for Ottawa, 22 runs for 3 wickets; Bristow, 54 runs for 4 wickets; Little, 31 runs, 2 wickets; Turton, 32 runs, 1 wicket. The downfall of the Ottawa men was very rapid, and at no stage of the innings can it be said that any successful resistance was made to the bowling. Little was given out to a very sharp catch by Goldingham, which looked extremely like a bunt-ball. Bristow unfortunately played on, and Ackland, who partnered Sheppard for some time at the slowest stage of the game, ran himself out for 2. Sheppard was the only man to get double figures for his side in the first innings, for which he played very careful, well judged cricket. He is not a brilliant batsman, but he is certainly a sure one. It is a pity that Ottawa did not put him on to bowl, as he has the reputation of being a good slow bowler. Bouchier made 9 in good style, but did not get much opportunity to show his great batting powers, as the last five wickets went down very rapidly for only 9 runs in five overs. The Toronto bowling analysis reads:

Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	
Laing	12	6	12	5
Allison	5	1	11	3

These figures need no comment and the bowlers are to be congratulated upon their performance, especially as the fielders did not do anything very brilliant. Indeed, taken all round, the fielding seen on Tuesday of last week cannot be compared with that seen during the Inter-Varsity match. Ottawa followed on and did somewhat better in their second innings. Sheppard again came out on top with 30, Turton made 19 and Warren 11. The last named is decidedly out of form, but, as he says, lying on the deck of a steamer during a two months' trip to Alaska may be a good way to put on the amount of tissue which is considered a necessary qualification in those striving after aldermanic honors, but it tells on a man when he has to play cricket under a hot sun. Sheppard and Turton made a good stand, and with the score 6 for 70, it looked as if Ottawa might do something to uphold its reputation. Sheppard and Bouchier were not out, the pro. was well set and then came another surprise. At 79 Bouchier was given out and the other men followed, one after the other, without scoring, 4 wickets for no runs.

Saturday was a red letter day for the Upper Canada College boys, who won their annual match with Trinity College school by 47. The consensus of opinion is that the best eleven won and there is no doubt that on Saturday's form the victors were the best men. In batting there was no very great difference and the scores show exactly the same features. In the first innings of the U. C. C., Moss and Boulbee made 20 and 16 out of 60, or more than half the runs, while for Trinity, S. Cartwright and Gamble put up 14 and 16 out of 53. In the second innings Walde played away from every other batsman for 44, and his score with that of Eby 11 and Hoskyn 14 decided the match. In the second innings of Trinity the two Cartwrights led off with the only kind of play that could possibly decide the match in favor of Port Hope, good, steady cricket, giving no chances and taking no risks, but they were not seconded by any of the other players: in fact, J. Cartwright was the only man who got double figures, 20. His brother's innings was one of the peculiar features of the match, for although he did not make a single run he was in while 25 were being scored. In bowling, fielding and wicket-keeping the home eleven were immeasurably superior to their opponents. Counsell is infinitely better behind the stumps than Cartwright, who missed several opportunities of distinguishing himself, and showed a great inclination to take the ball before the wickets. In fielding, the U. C. C. showed up to greater advantage than their opponents, who made numerous mistakes in the first innings and gave 9 extras; they improved considerably in the second innings of U. C. C., who were only accredited with 4 extras. DuMoulin at point, however, was good throughout the game. On the other hand I have seen the home eleven field a great deal better than they did in the second innings of Port Hope. In bowling, again there was no comparison between the elevens, Port Hope being without any change bowlers, while there is no very great difference between T. MacMaster, Hoskyn, Boulbee and F. Walde, while for speed Ellis is not a whit behind Senkler, neither is he more erratic. I was sorry to see E. MacMaster not bailed for throwing, but it is in the interest of the game that throwing should be promptly stopped. Coming to individual play, F. Walde may be called the hero of the match with 49 runs in two innings and a bowling analysis of 6 wickets for 21 runs; Moss made 27 runs in the match by very

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good cricket and fielded very well at point; Eby 13, Hoskyn 17, and Boulbee 19 were the other batsmen who most materially helped U. C. C., the last named also having obtained 6 wickets for 20 runs. The bowling analysis reads:

Trinity School.	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
Senkler	17	7	22	5
S. Cartwright	17	6	29	4

U. C. College

T. MacMaster	10	3	10	1
F. Walde	15	6	21	6
Boulbee	1	1	0	1
Hoskyn	6	3	13	0

Trinity School

Senkler	17	9	30	0
Cartwright	14	4	36	3
Loscombe	10	3	17	1
Gamble	5	2	7	3

U. C. College

T. MacMaster	10	6	7	5
Boulbee	11	3	20	5

Senkler bowled a lot of maidens, 16 out of 34, and at one period during the first innings of U. C. C. eight overs were sent down for only one run.

Toronto gained another big victory this week owing chiefly to the batting of Terry and Cameron. The former put up 84 in great style, his innings including a large number of four hits to the great delight of the spectators. Cameron's innings of 59 was a good display of cricket and will help to bring up the ex-Trinity man's average. These two players put up 143 out of 176, and five men made duck eggs. It was greatly to Hamilton's credit that only two extras were obtained throughout the big innings of Toronto, while the latter gave no less than eighteen.

Rosedale piled up the biggest score of the season in local cricket on Saturday, when they kept East Toronto in field while 260 were being scored, of which McDonald made 69, Lyon 70, Stephenson 31 and Howard 22. For East Toronto, Berry took 6 wickets for 55 runs, and at one point during the first innings of U. C. C. eight overs were sent down for only one run.

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## Music.

**I**T must, of course, be somewhat mortifying for long established and "highly respectable" journals such as some of our English exchanges to be tripped up in occasional ridiculous mistakes by despised colonists, and we are not surprised that the fulfilment of a solemn and religious duty on the part of SATURDAY NIGHT in this respect, in the past, should have created a certain restiveness on their part. Such was the case last year when the *Musical Times* of London, Eng., became badly entangled in venturing advance opinions on German opera in London, and in undertaking to instruct its readers concerning the alleged existence of a high-class "orchestra" in some provincial town, which organization, it was afterwards learned, consisted of thirty-seven fiddles, two wind instruments and a bass drum. I regret that the *Musical Times*, when thoughtfully assisted out of its muddle by this journal, should have shown a very ungrateful disposition. This does not, however, discourage SATURDAY NIGHT from lending a helping hand to another English journal, the *Musical News*, concerning a matter in which the editors of that paper are getting into very deep water. The *Musical News* in an endeavor to prove the decadence of Wagnerism in Germany advances an argument that during the week preceding June 3 not a single Wagner opera was performed in number of principal cities of the Fatherland. The worthy editors of the *Musical News* seem to be in ignorance of the fact that several weeks previous to the time mentioned, many of the theaters referred to were producing their annual cycles of Wagner's works, and that the summer season on the continent is not as a rule remarkable for Wagnerian operas or Shakespearean dramas. I have no doubt that after the forthcoming performances in London of German opera by the Royal Opera Company of Berlin, the *Musical News*, which appears to have a very short memory concerning the wonderful triumphs of the much weaker Hamburg company last season, the ensemble of whose performances was a revelation to Londoners, will, like the *Musical Times*, repent of its rashness and come out on the side of true progress. I am pleased to notice that there are already signs of this, as a sort of involved explanation has since been penned by Mr. T. L. Southgate, one of the editors of the *Musical News*, in reply to several clever letters by prominent English musicians, who are evidently amused at this latest puny effort to block the pathway of a liberal sentiment which includes in its creed the wonderful creations of Richard Wagner.

The past week has been an exceptionally busy one at the College of Music, a number of excellent entertainments being given under the auspices of that enterprising institution. Among these were an Evening Concert at the College Hall on Friday evening of last week by pupils of the West End Branch of the College; an Evening of Readings on the previous evening by pupils of the Elocution Department; an organ recital in the Metropolitan church on Saturday of last week by Mr. B. K. Burden of the College staff, and the closing concert in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening. These were all well attended and much enjoyed by those present, the work of the pupils being uniformly good. The standard shown by the elocution department was of a high order throughout, affording gratifying evidence of Miss Dunn's thoroughness as principal of this branch of the college work. Mr. Burden's organ recital gave that gentleman an opportunity of displaying the versatile character of his study, his selections embodying compositions by Merkel, Bach, Molck, Bennett and Wagner.

The Pavilion was crowded to the doors on the occasion of the closing exercises of the College on Tuesday evening. A lengthy and well arranged programme brought forward a number of gifted pupils in the various branches of college work. Special mention should be made of the artistic piano forte playing of Miss Mary Mara, whose tone, touch and musical conception give great promise for the future. Miss Cowley and Miss Sullivan also won flattering opinions for their work in the Beethoven Concerto and Schumann Phantasie-Stricke for piano and orchestra. Misses Dease and McLaughlin in their concerted numbers for piano and orchestra did themselves and their teachers great credit. I have recently spoken of Miss Topping's superior talents as a pianist, so that I have only to say concerning her performance that it was of the same high standard one looks for in her playing always. Mrs. Lee in the Chopin Concerto was a pronounced success. This lady has won the special gold medal given by her instructor, Mr. Field, for general excellence and painstaking study. Prizes and diplomas were awarded during the evening by Mr. W. Mulock, M.P. Other pupils who took part in the successful programme were: Misses Black, Massie, Metcalf, Taylor, Davis, Burt, Mr. Weisman, Masters Eddie Reburn and Harry Torrington, and Mr. Torrington's talented piano pupils, Miss Brimson and Miss McKay.

One of the most pleasant and profitable of our local musical happenings from year to year is the annual piano forte recital by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the eminent American pianist whose regular visits to this city in the capacity of examiner in the piano forte department of the Conservatory of Music are thus taken advantage of by that progressive institution. The recital on Wednesday evening of last week attracted a large and brilliant audience to Association Hall, and on no previous occasion has Mr. Sherwood created a more favorable impression than at this last excellent concert, his playing being characterized by the same brilliancy which has always marked his appearances here. His programme was well chosen throughout, representing many of the leading composers and including such exacting numbers as Schumann's *Carneval* op. 9, and Chopin's *A flat Polonaise*. Vocal numbers were rendered at intervals in the programme by Mrs. A. Jury, Miss Ida Walker, and Miss Edith Miller, A.T.C.M., all of whom did themselves and their master great credit.

On Saturday evening last Association Hall was the scene of another interesting and suc-

cessful *soiree musicale* also under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music. An excellent programme was ably rendered by pupils of the institution, many of those taking part giving undeniable evidences of talent of a high order. Organ solos were rendered by Misses Mary Hamilton, Eva M. Lennox and Mr. Donald Herald. Piano forte selections were contributed by Misses Emma Geddes, Laura Beecroft, Florence Johnson, Anna Butland, Elsie Kitchen, Amy M. M. Graham, Mrs. Bac., and Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman. The violin department was represented by Misses Winnifred Chisholm and Lillian Norman, and the vocal department by Misses Amy Berthon, Ida Walker, Maggie Merritt, Mary W. Pridham, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mrs. A. Jury, and Messrs. Bruce Bradley and J. Martin. Recitations by Misses Mary Gurne and Nellie Berryman, and a string quartette by Misses Lena M. Hayes, Ethelind G. Thomas, Lillian Norman and Lillian Littlehales assisted in making up one of the most enjoyable concerts given by the Conservatory this season. MODERATO.

## Niagara-on-the-Lake.

A garden party, given by Mrs. George Warren last Tuesday, was generally pronounced a delightful one by the guests assembled at her charming riverside cottage. A unique feature of the evening's entertainment was the Cavalry (Indian) Band, their rendering of a number of choice selections being markedly appreciated by all. Dainty and tempting refreshments were served during the evening, and last post from the camp had long since sounded before the merry party reluctantly took their homeward way through the prettily lit lines of the sleeping camp and on across the wide, daisy-whitened common to their several homes. Among others present were: Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Dr. and Mrs. H. Watt, Miss Dennison, Capt. B. G. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. De Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mrs. James Scarth, Dr. and Mrs. J. Baldwin, Capt. and the Misses Goale, the Misses Paffard, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mrs. Buchanan, Lieut. Wier, Lieut. Hill, Mr. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. I. Ince, the Misses Ince, Miss Dannistoun, the Misses Blake, Miss McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. Canidge, Mr. Gilmour, Lieut. Palmer and Miss Warren.

Colonel Otter and the officers of his staff gave a delightful five o'clock tea at the commandant's quarters on Friday afternoon of last week. The Indian band was in attendance, and afforded unbounded pleasure to the delighted guests, among whom were: Mrs. Mel-bouton, Miss Florence Dickson, the Misses Patterson, Mrs. and the Misses Hodges and Miss Campbell.

The ball given last Thursday at the Queen's Royal by the commandant and officers of the Brigade camp, under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, surpassed the hopes and expectations of even the most sanguine. It was in every respect a brilliant affair, and doubtless at the close of the season will be remembered as the gayest of the many gay events which preceded and followed it. The ball-room was beautifully decorated with red, white and blue bunting. Over the windows and doors were arranged, evidently by artistic hands, great drooping boughs of green maple, while at the end of the room in friendly proximity floated the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. The music by Glionna's orchestra was unusually good, and it was not until late on into the morning that the patient chaperones succeeded in gathering together and carrying from the gay scene the numberless and unwearied maidens in their charge. The ball-room was almost uncomfortably crowded, and many adopted the proprietor's kindly suggestion and danced in the long, cool dining-room. Among the many really beautiful costumes in the room it is difficult to mention any as being prettier than the rest, but a few of those which attracted special attention were: Mrs. M. Boulton, black net, embroidered in gold, over claret colored silk; Miss Bate, white silk trimmed with green velvet; Miss Larkin, shrimp pink and green; Miss Lulu Thomson, a peculiar and very pretty shade of rose pink and primrose yellow; Miss Katie Merritt, yellow and white striped silk grenadine; Miss Milligan, cream lace; Miss Howe, white silver-brocaded silk; Miss C. Arnold, white silk, trimmed with yellow, with a flounce of white lace caught up here and there with knots of yellow bebe ribbon; Miss Winnett, white and yellow.

Miss Florence Dickson of Galt, whose sweet face passed through on their wedding tour en route to Chicago on Thursday of last week. The report that they will probably be at their handsome home, the Anchorage, in August is received with delight, and their large circle of friends here only wait an opportunity to overwhelm them with their sincere and hearty congratulations and good wishes.

Miss Florence Wey, Miss Preston and the Misses Howard were among the arrivals at Dingle's last week. Dr. Gibbons of Dunkirk spent last Sunday in town.

After an absence of twenty five years, Mrs. McPhail of Buffalo, formerly so well known here, last Sunday revisited her old home, the residence now owned and occupied by Dr. F. Morson. She was accompanied by her sons, Edward and Percy, the latter bringing with him his pretty, dark-eyed bride.

More than one graceful speech and smiling face at the officers' ball last Thursday hid a wrathful heart as the owners of torn gowns gathered up the fragments of lace and muslin and costly silk which fell in the wake of the spurred boots of cavalry and artillery officers. It was amusing to watch the nonchalance with which the ladies accepted the inevitable—or appeared to accept and make the best of it—

but smiles and indifference disappeared in the privacy of deserted boudoirs as the unhappy sufferers viewed the wreck of beautiful skirts and breathed unmentionable things not against the officers who were compelled to wear them, but against the custom which carried such havoc in its wake.

Last Saturday's hop was a very informal affair, many of the ladies dancing in their flannel suits and hats. Those who were present, however, enjoyed the unusual delights of a comparatively empty ball-room, and consequently could fully appreciate the good floor and capital music. Not more than fifty or sixty were present, but judging from appearances the evening for them was a particularly jolly one.

The following registered at the Queen's Royal last Saturday: Mr. and Mrs. T. Glassford of Buffalo, Mr. George Montgomery of Montreal, Miss May Stewart, Miss M. Reid, Mrs. Charles Reid, Mr. and Mrs. L. Clarke, Mrs. M. Maddison, Mrs. C. Warwick, Miss Ethel Warwick, Miss Maud Maddison, Miss Little May of Toronto, Mr. R. Gooch of Toronto, Mrs. E. Hanson of Montreal, Mr. E. R. Armstrong of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Gibbs of Buffalo, Mr. W. M. Campbell and party of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Davis of Buffalo, Mr. D. M. W. like of Toronto, Mr. R. A. Kellogg of Toronto, Mrs. Rose of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. R. Parker of Toronto, Mr. J. C. Bertrand, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Weeks of Buffalo, Mr. George Geissen of Buffalo, Messrs. A. A. and W. Thompson of Toronto, Mr. J. Chisholm of Hamilton, Miss M. C. Bosworth, Miss Laura Burt, Miss Bosworth of Buffalo, Mr. Arthur O. Hein of Hamilton, Mr. D. B. Dick of Toronto, Mr. H. M. Burt of Buffalo, Miss Wright of Niagara Falls, Mr. C. B. Clarke of Utica, and Mr. and Mrs. Robbins of Medina, N.Y.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, and the Misses Patterson were at the Queen's Royal on Thursday and Friday of last week.

## GALATEA.

## Sault Ste. Marie.

Mrs. W. H. Plummer gave a most enjoyable dance on June 20. Lynhurst is so well known as a lovely place for affairs of this kind that it goes without saying that both dancers and sitters out were as comfortable and as happy as they could be. Prof. Wescott's orchestra played its sweetest strains and lovers of the dance were given a rare treat. The affair was given as a "send off" to Mr. Frank Plummer, who is soon to take unto himself a better half. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. H. Plummer, Capt. and Mrs. Towers, Miss Towers, Miss North, Miss Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hamilton, Capt., Mrs. and the Misses Burden, Mrs. Cozens, Mrs. and the Misses Lief of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Miss Ley, Miss Kidd, Mr. S. and Miss Marks of Bruce Mines, Mr. Wemyss, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Farwell, Judge Johnson, Dr. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Kehoe, Mr. DeGix, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Murray of Toronto, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Walker, Mr. Morrin, Mr. H. A. Crawford, Mr. Blain, Mr. Bole, and many others.

## COLIN.

## He Wanted to Know.

Willis—I found a vacant seat when I got on an elevated train for Harlem to-day.  
Wallace—A vacant seat? What's that?

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## Social and Personal.

*Continued from Page Two.*

running between Vancouver and Yokohama. Dr. MacArthur, who is well known in social and professional circles in Toronto, left on Monday evening to join his ship, followed by the regrets and best wishes of numerous warm friends. The doctor obtained his professional education at Trinity Medical College, Toronto, receiving in 1889 the degree of M. B., and C. M. from the University of Trinity College, having previously obtained the degree of B. A. after a highly creditable course in the University of Toronto. Old Upper Canada College boys, with whom he is very popular, remember him as Prince of Wales prizeman in 1863, the year of his leaving for the University.

Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Col. J. Lane Notter of Her Majesty's army medical staff, was in Toronto last week, and during his stay was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. William Griffith, 14 Washington avenue. Dr. Notter expressed himself as much pleased at the immense growth and rapid progress, from a commercial point of view, which Toronto has made since he last visited the city in 1866. He left for England via New York on Thursday of last week.

Miss Mabel Bastedo, daughter of Mr. John Bastedo, won the Hamilton gold medal offered for competition for piano forte playing among the pupils of the Toronto College of Music. Miss Bastedo is to be congratulated, considering that she is but sixteen years of age.

The following guests are booked at Hotel Lorne, Lorne Park: Mr. and Mrs. James Hawlett and family, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Simpson and family, Mr. F. Roper, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee and family and nurse, Mrs. Eagen, Mr. E. Burke, Mr. Wm. Stone and family, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Jephcott and family, Miss Ritchie, Miss Kennedy, Mr. C. P. Miller, Mr. R. Shaw, Mr. Gao, Ritchie, Q.C., and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Symons and family.

Mr. A. F. Webster, passenger agent, has booked the following Torontonians to sail this week for Europe per Cunard Line: Rev. John Potts, D.D., Mrs. Potts, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. H. G. Cox, Mrs. W. A. and Miss E. Morrow, Mr. Wm. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. Clark, Mr. E. Gordon Clark, Miss Clark, Miss Gordon Clark, J. Lugdin, Mr. E. Baird Ryckman, Mr. E. C. Mackenzie, Miss E. Johnston, Mr. H. R. Walker, Mr. C. J. Catto, Dr. Austin, Mr. W. Flavelle of Lindsay, Dr. Taylor, Dr. T. B. Richardson of San Francisco, Rev. Jas. Hunter, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, Miss R. Hunter and four children, Mr. E. Bowman, Mr. E. P. Wagner, Mr. L. Schombourg, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ingram, Mr. Wm. E. Good, and Mr. S. W. Matthews.

Mr. Chas. E. Burns, steamship and tourist agent, has booked the following to sail for Europe: Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Osgood, Miss Graham, Mademoiselle and Miss Florence Ireland, Mr. Robt. Fawcett, Baron W. Whitney, Rev. J. Mrs. and Miss Gibson.

## Ottawa

There is little if anything to write about these days. All or most of our society people are away enjoying the cool sea breezes or "doing" (to use a slang expression) the World's Fair. At all events, all those people that are fortunate enough to be able to get away are gone, and we that have to remain at home and endure the hot sun and the dust and din of the city envy them.

Hon. Messrs. Bowell and Daly and Mr. J. F. Wood spent the early part of the week in Belleville as guests of Mr. Harry Corby, the popular member for Hastings, and have had the pleasure of sailing about on the Bay of Quinte in Mr. Corby's pretty steam yacht Oleta, and returned to the capital well pleased with their little outing.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Sedgwick went east on Monday night. The Judge will spend ten days or so on the Miramichi, salmon fishing, after which he will go on Halifax.

Mrs. Patterson, wife of the Minister of Militia, went to Kingston on Monday to attend, in company with the Minister, the closing proceedings of the Royal Military College.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland of Winnipeg was in town during the week. He has just returned from England, where he has been in the interests of the Hudson Bay Railway, of which he is the president, and says he is confident of success in the money market.

Mr. C. H. MacIntosh has returned from England and says he spent ten days very pleasantly in Paris, and judging from all that he could hear the outlook for the Canadian case in the Bosphorus Sea arbitration is good.

Mr. Curran, M.P., was in town on his way to Dunnville and Mount Forest, on Monday.

Sir John Thompson has consented to visit different constituencies in Western Ontario and address a number of meetings during August and September.

Lt.-Col. Irwin is visiting in Toronto.

Theodore Davie, Premier of British Columbia, and Mrs. Davie spent a few days this week in the city.

The Oldfellows held their decoration day here on Sunday.

Mr. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, accompanied by his two daughters, visited the camp of the Governor-General's Body Guard in Toronto last Saturday.

Mr. J. A. Spence, a tea grower, of Ceylon, is in the city. Mr. Spence lived in Ottawa twenty years ago.

Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat while he was in the city stayed with his sister, Mrs. Fraser.

Sir A. P. Caron, who has been ill in London for some days, was sufficiently recovered to sail for New York the latter part of last week.

The death of Mr. Toussaint Trudeau, late Deputy Minister of Railways, has cast a gloom over the whole city.

Mr. George Gooderham and Mr. Thomas G. Blackstock of Toronto were in the city in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Streetfield of London, England, are in the city. Mr. Streetfield is a brother of Capt. Streetfield, private secretary to Major-General Herbert.

Mr. E. L. Newcome, Deputy Minister of Justice, and Mrs. Newcome, left on Tuesday for

Liverpool, N. S., where Mrs. Newcome will remain for the summer. Mr. Newcome will return in about a week.

## Scribner.

Captain J. S. Hamilton gave a very enjoyable party on Thursday evening of last week at his handsome residence, Halsley Park, in honor of his friend, Mr. J. D. Belfrage of London, Eng. Among those present were: Hon. A. S. Hardy, Sheriff Watt, Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, Dr. Digby, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, Dr. R. Henwood, Dr. A. J. Henwood, Rev. R. Ashton, Dr. Secord, Rev. Mr. Lemon, Dr. Phillip, Dr. Kelly, Dr. Griffin, Col. Gilkinson, Col. Jones, Jas. Stratford, Dr. Harris, W. D. Jones, H. Leonard, C. M. Nelles, A. Robertson, H. McWilson, E. M. Shadbolt, W. F. Cockshutt, J. Hale, G. H. Wilkes, A. D. Hardy, Robert Henry, E. W. H. Van Allen, D. Reville, H. Stroud, F. Wiley, Wm. Roberts and Geo. Hope.

Last Saturday afternoon the Tennis Club had a most enjoyable tea. It being the first bright afternoon, the members spent a thoroughly pleasant time. The hostesses were: Mrs. Harry Harris, Mrs. J. Francis Watt, Miss Smith and Miss Hosie.

Miss Ross and Miss De Long are home from Baltimore on a visit.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy and Mrs. Crofton are attending the World's Fair.

Mrs. W. C. McCaul of Simcoe is the guest of Miss Hosie.

Miss Florence Bond, the accomplished guest of Miss Maud Whitlaw of Paris, returned to Montreal to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Nelles have taken a cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they will spend the summer.

Rev. W. F. Herridge, B.D., of Ottawa, occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church last Sabbath evening. Mr. Herridge preached to a crowded church and everyone was delighted with the clever discourse of this young minister.

Mr. Chas. Wisner of Toronto is in the city this week. Charlie has just returned from Chicago and has seen wonderful sights.

Now that the Assembly has come to a close the city is again in solitude. I wish some of those pretty weddings would take place in the near future. Rumor tells me a sweet brunet on Brant avenue is about to become a charming bride. Is it true?

Mr. C. G. Marani of Toronto spent Sunday with friends in the city.

Miss Jessie Duff, a most beautiful and accomplished young lady from Guelph, and a graduate of last session, is attending the closing concerts at the Ladies' College.

Every time I get off a street car I cannot help smiling to see the conductor running with a stool in his arms to place at the foot of the steps for the convenience of passengers. He generally manages to get there after everybody is off the car. How would it be, conductor, if you got a little more hustle on?

The canoe regatta which took place on Thursday evening of last week was a great success and presented a pretty appearance by moonlight.

Miss Hurd, a pupil of the Y.L.C., has returned to her home in Colorado.

Miss Tufford, daughter of Dr. D. Tufford, Market street, is visiting her sister in Chicago. Miss Tufford will be married while in Chicago.

Mrs. (Dr.) E. E. King went to Toronto this week. Mrs. King will return in a few days to attend the wedding of her cousin, Miss Lou Ott. The marriage will be private, owing to a recent death in the family.

SAILOR.

Pneumatic Tires in 1900.

Man in Sulky (to bicyclist just ahead)—Beg pardon, young chap, but I guess you'll have to turn out. This is a narrow road, and I don't want to run over you.

Slender Youth (on bicycle)—Much obliged, but I think I can keep from being run over. Come on.

Man in Sulky (touching his animal with his whip)—All right, look out for yourself! This is Betsy Trotwell—record, 20.1!

Slender Youth (spurting)—Come right along. I'm George Gofast—record, 20.1!—Chicago Tribune.

Snap Shots.

Do not load yourself down with secrets. The world moves, but it can't run from under man.

Vain man would use the sky for his background.

Young tailors take their stars by fits.

The modern heiress carries her plantation on her head.

Success has always been the result of more or less sacrifice.

The sky is always bright, but sometimes we can't see it.

We might take a long stride on the line of civilization and turn the broad hats of the curly-headed young ladies over to the bald-headed men down in the parquet.—Dallas News.

## LATEST NOVELS

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**Births.**

CARMAN—June 9, Mrs. W. M. Carmar—a son.  
DIGNUM—June 15, Mrs. John A. Dignum—a son.  
IRWIN—June 21, Mrs. H. Irwin—a son.  
SYDINGON—June 18, Mrs. J. H. Symington—a son.  
REID—June 18, Mrs. John Reid—a daughter.  
BALDWIN—June 24, Mrs. E. Collins Baldwin—a daughter  
(stillborn).  
HUME—June 25, Mrs. J. G. Hume—a son.  
TAYLOR—June 25, Mrs. George Taylor—a son.  
DENISON—June 25, Mrs. Evelyn Denison—a daughter.  
CORLETT—June 29, Mrs. A. Carruthers—a daughter.  
MANLEY—June 27, Mrs. Fred F. Manley—a son.

**Marriages.**

MCGUIGAN—SLEEMIN—On June 21, by Rev. John Phillip, C. C. McGuigan of Cedar Springs to Lillie Slemin of Toronto.  
KERR—STOBBS—At 8 Stinson street, Hamilton, on June 28, Charles W. Kerr to Maude Stobbs.  
HOLMAN—HAIGH—June 28, Charles J. Holman to Carrie Haigh.  
CORLEY—SMITH—June 27, Seymour Corley to Clara Luisa Smith.  
LAKER—STEWART—June 27, Rev. E. C. Laker to Libbie Stewart.  
TRAVIS—PEARSON—June 28, Dr. J. Emil Traub to Edith Pearson.  
BAUCHAM—HARDY—June 28, Fred Baucham to Maggie Hunter.  
CHILMAN—GREY—June 27, Sanford Chilman to Louise Marie Grey.  
NEWSOM—STRONG—June 28, William L. Newsom to Florence E. Strong.  
BROWNE—HUBBELL—June 28, W. Bernard Brown to Bertha Hubbell.  
DAVIS—SMITH—June 28, T. E. Davis to Nellie Smith.  
MORTON—OTTEH—June 27, Edward Lyall Morton to Agnes A. Oster.  
LAND—LEADLEY—June 28, Frank Herbert Land to Lillian Leadley.  
LILLIE—HUSBAND—June 22, Ellwood Lillie to Ida C. Husband.  
NEEVE—LAURENCE—June 20, Richard C. Neeve to E. J. Lawrence.  
FORSTER—IRISH—June 22, George S. Forster to Effie Irish.  
MILLAR—DOWNEY—June 22, Rowland J. Millar to Sara L. Downey.  
SMITH—IRVINE—June 21, George Smith to Emily Irvine.  
SYKES—HARDY—June 22, Edmund Sykes to Ethel Hardy.  
MACMAHON—CUMMING—June 20, John MacMahon to Ethel Cummings.  
BURT—O'HARA—June 20, George Burt to Gertrude O'Hara.  
SANDERSON—CAMPBELL—June 22, Rev. W. Sanderson to Rita Campbell.

**Deaths.**

GIBBS—June 26, Lavina Hood Gibbs, aged 81.  
BENJAMIN—June 25, David Benjamin, aged 70.  
MACANN—June 25, Henry E. Macann, aged 59.  
MURRAY—June 25, Mrs. Mary Murray, aged 80.  
LESLIE—June 24, George Leslie, aged 80.  
BROWN—June 24, Alexander Brown, aged 80.  
GOULDING—June 23, George Goulding, aged 77.  
HOBLEY—June 22, Samuel Hobley, aged 86.  
FEVIL—June 22, Dr. J. Fevil, aged 86.  
MOORE—June 22, Elen Harris Moore, aged 69.  
CRAWFORD—June 22, Dr. G. G. Crawford, aged 83.  
LOVEKIN—June 22, J. P. Lovekin, aged 75.

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Undressed Kid Tan Strap Shoes, French heels, \$2.75  
Cleopatra Slippers, very latest, French heels, \$3.00  
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Opera toes, latest American lasts, \$4 and \$5  
Misses Dongola Button Boots, Rochester latest styles,  
toe caps, \$2.75  
Misses Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes, cloth tops, \$2.25  
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